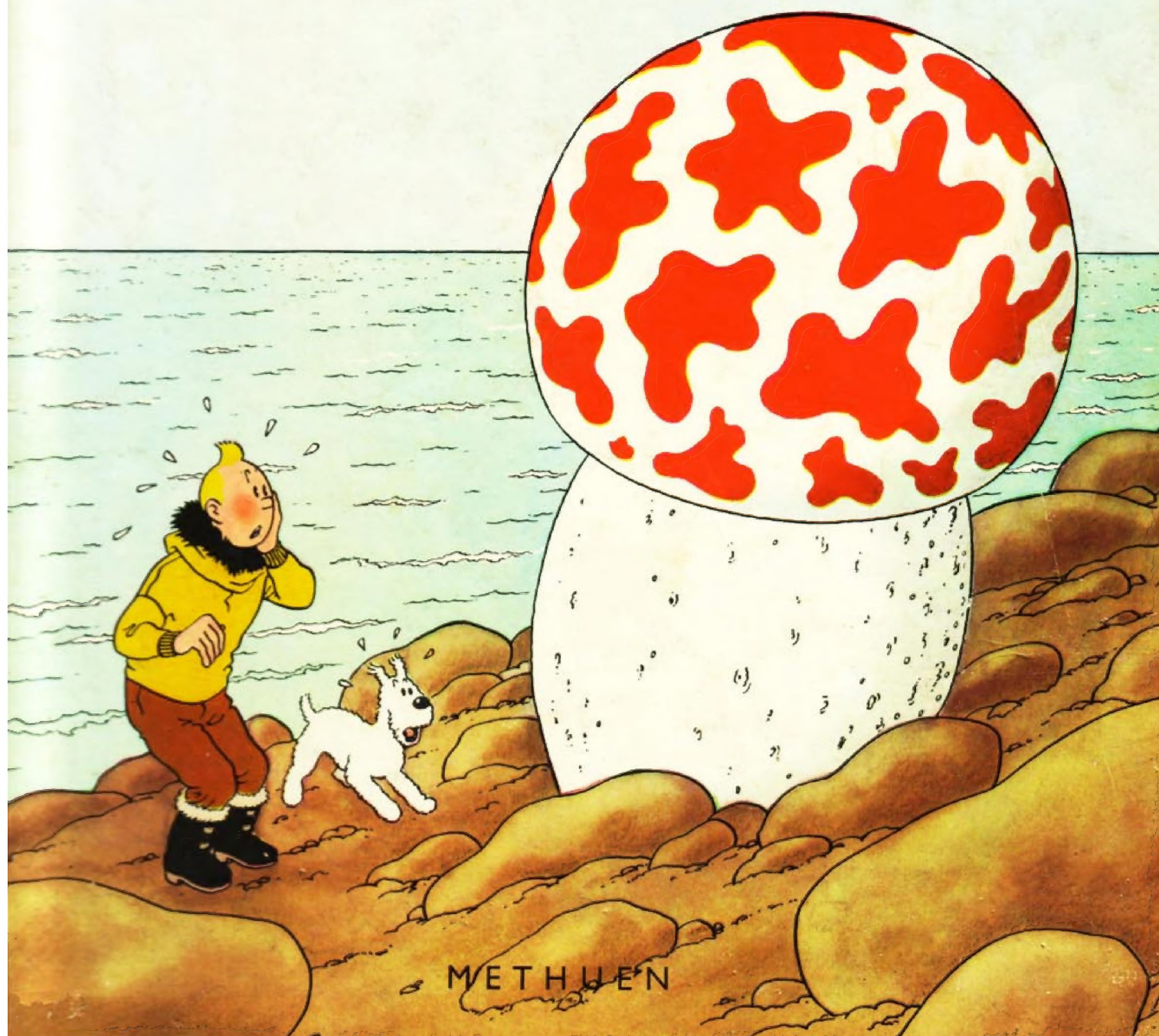


HERGÉ  
THE ADVENTURES OF  
**TINTIN**

# **THE SHOOTING STAR**

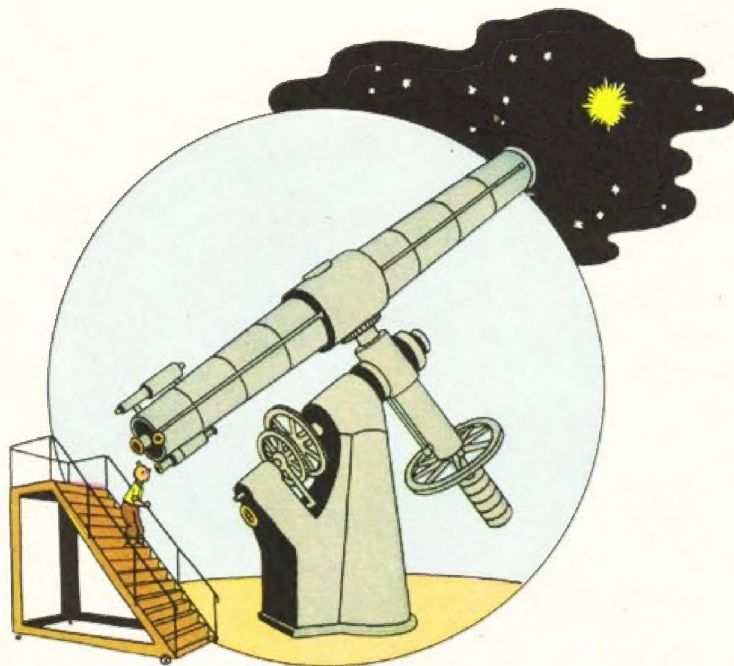




HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

# THE SHOOTING STAR



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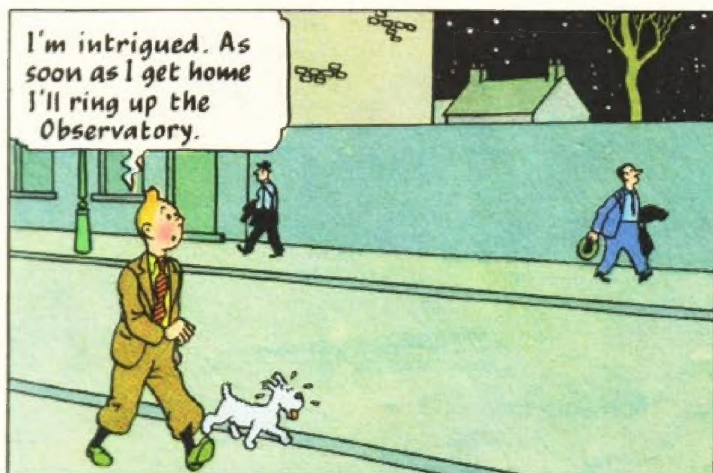
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and Michael Turner

Selective remastering by Seth Rose

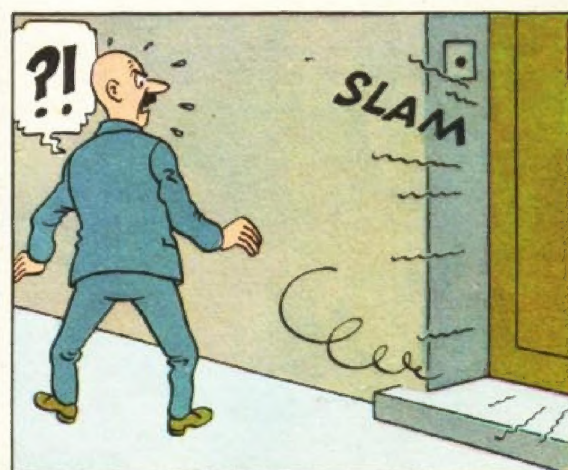
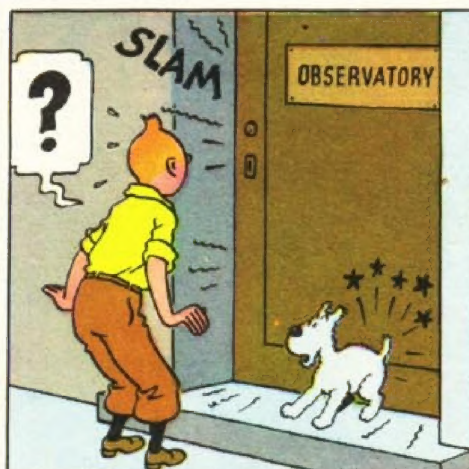
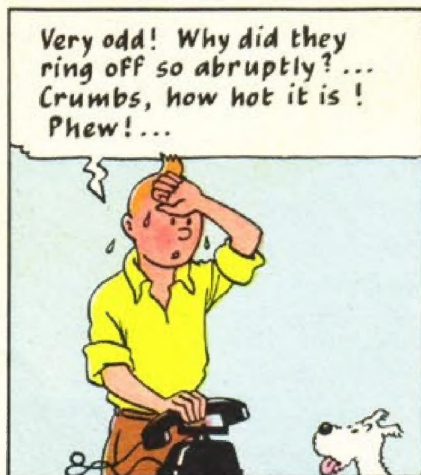
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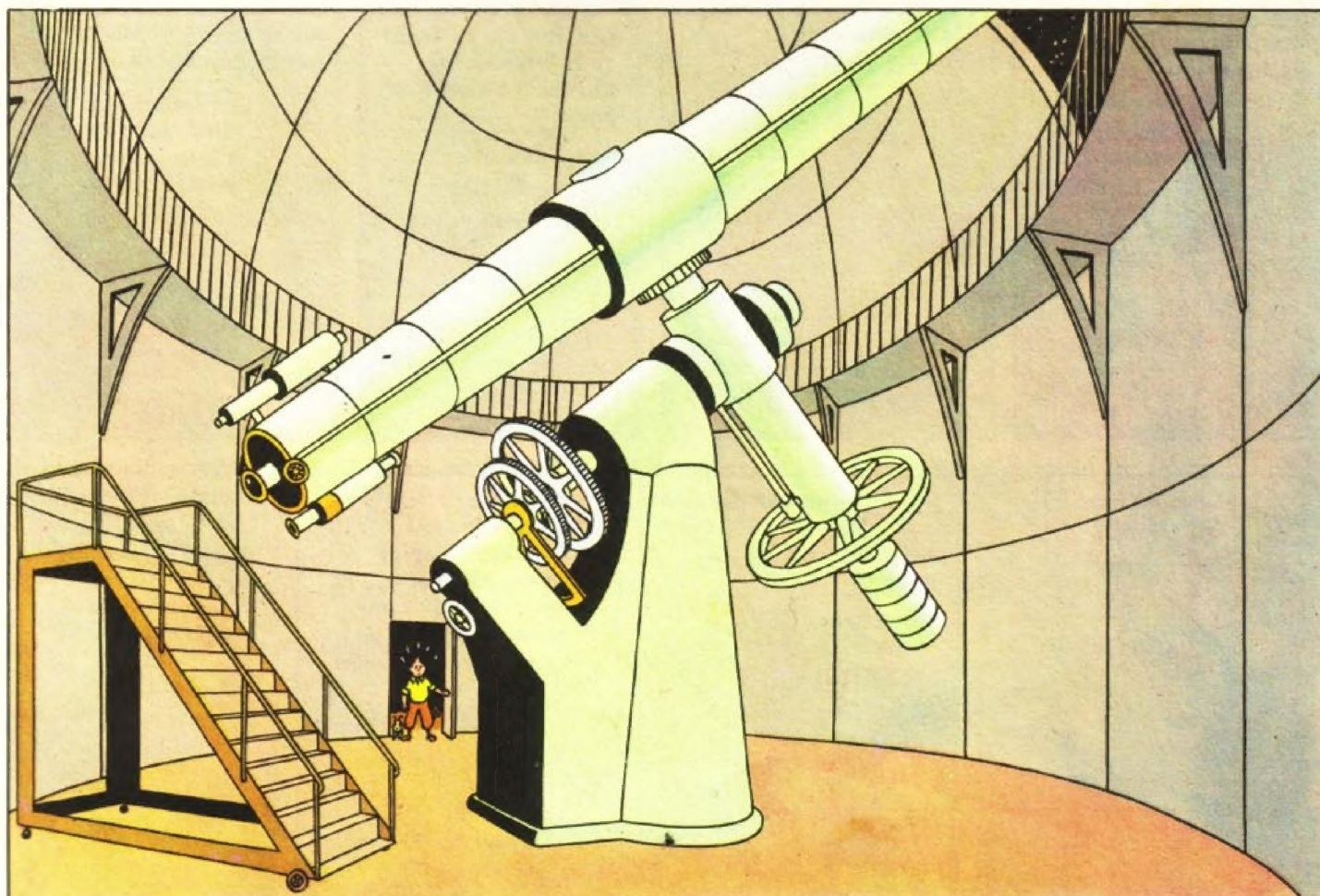
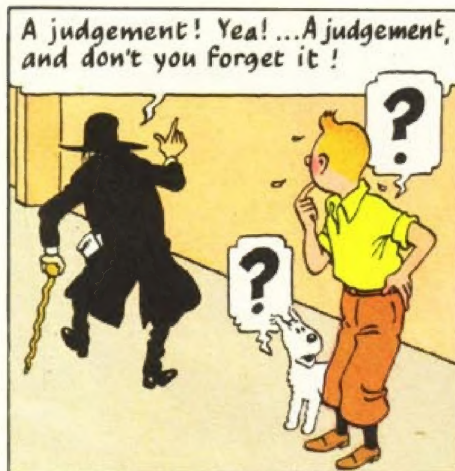
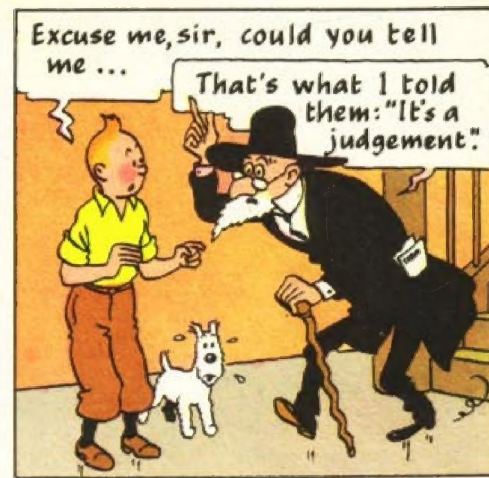
# THE SHOOTING STAR



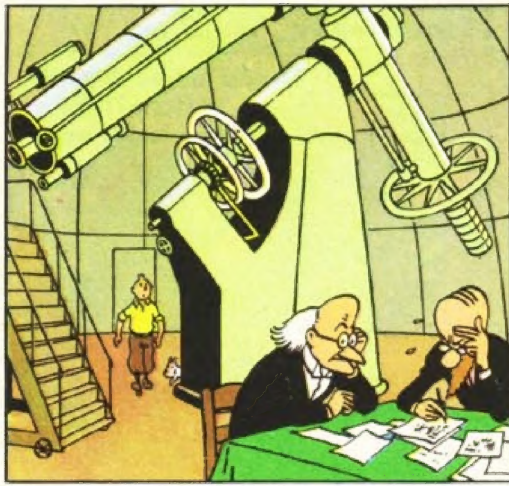








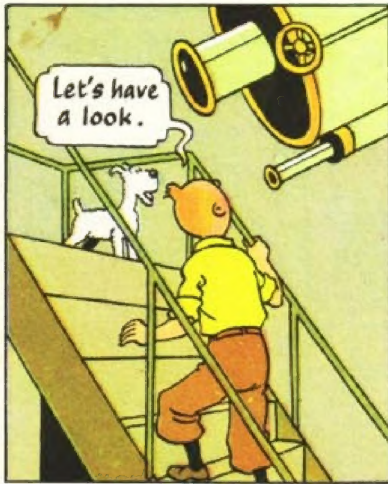
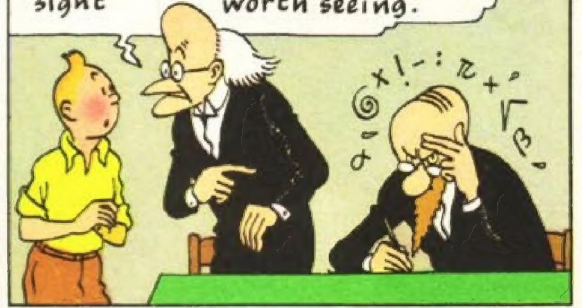




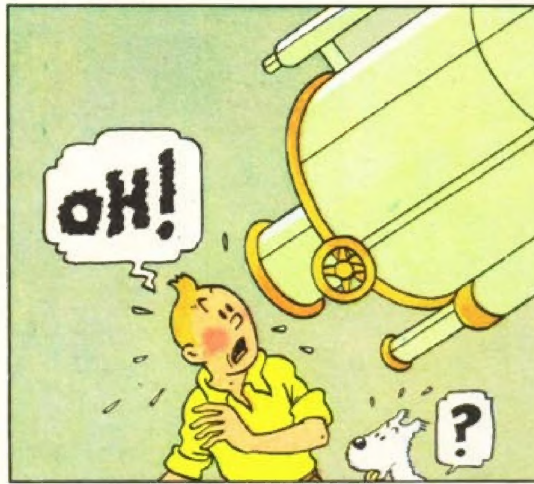
Excuse me, I'm looking for the Director of the Observatory.

Ssh! It's me!

It's me, but ssh!... Silence! Don't disturb my colleague; he's deep in some very complicated mathematics. While he's finishing, have a look through the telescope, if you like; it's a sight worth seeing.



Let's have a look.



Good heavens, sir! It's horrible ... horrible!

Yes, in one sense it's horrible...



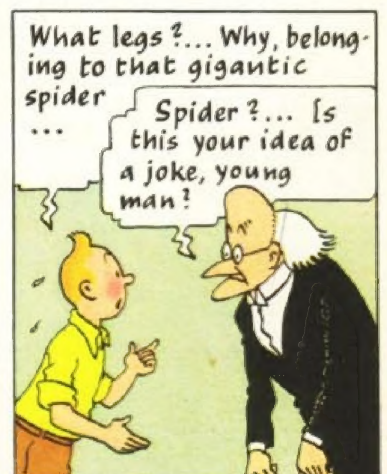
It's enormous! Simply enormous!

Enormous, yes!



And its hairy legs! ... It makes me shiver to think of them!

Its legs? ... What legs?



What legs?... Why, belonging to that gigantic spider ...

Spider?... [Is this your idea of a joke, young man?



Come and see for yourself!



By the rings of Saturn! ... You're right... It is, quite definitely, a spider! ...

You see now!

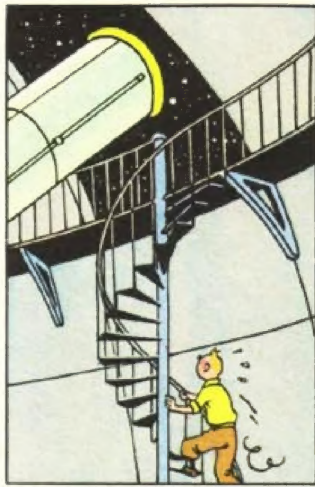


How extraordinary! Extraordinary! ... It has characteristics of *Meta segmentata* ... At least ... No! It's an *Araneus diadematus*! An enormous *Araneus diadematus*!

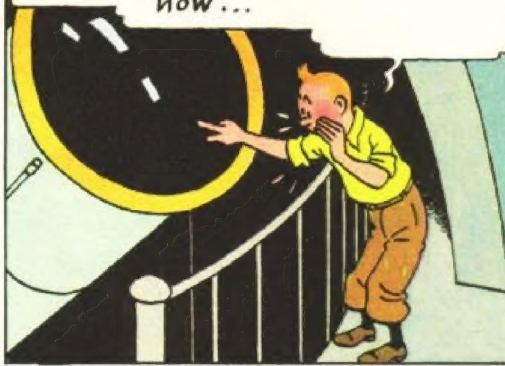


Anyway, it's a spider! Ugh! What a monster! ... And it's travelling through space ... Supposing it ...??





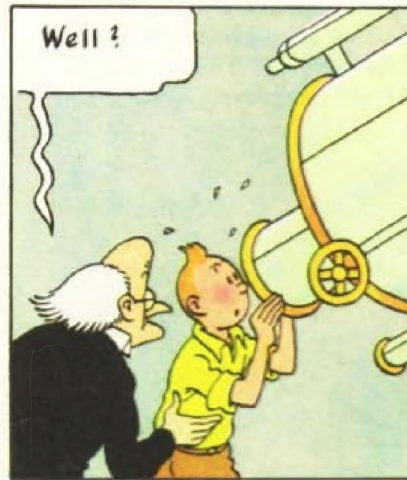
Hello, Professor... I've found the answer... It was a spider walking across the lens!... It's gone now...



A spider!... A harmless little spider! That's all it was, scaring them out of their wits!... This'll kill me!



Come and look now...



Well?

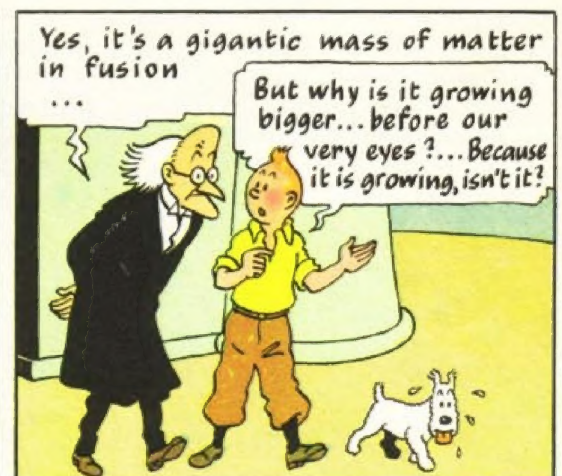


It looks like... It looks like a huge ball of fire...



It IS a ball of fire! ... A VA-A-A-A-AST ball of fire!

?



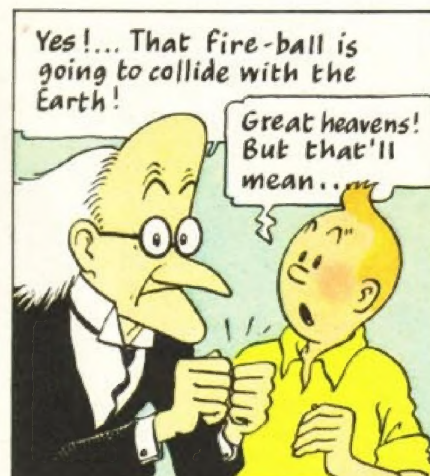
Yes, it's a gigantic mass of matter in fusion ...

But why is it growing bigger... before our very eyes?... Because it is growing, isn't it?



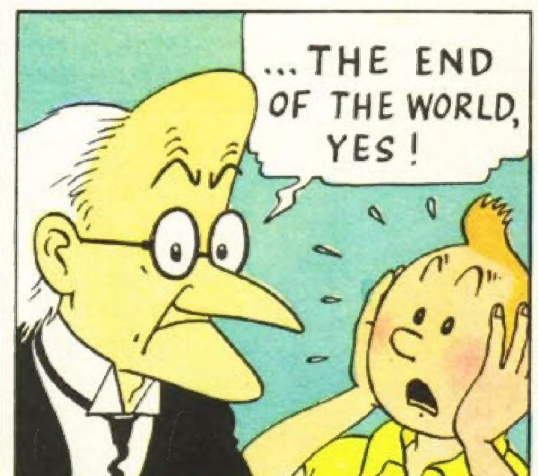
Naturally it's growing bigger - it's heading towards us, at an incredible speed.

Heading towards us?... But if it keeps on coming ...?



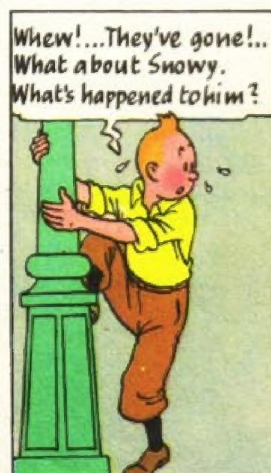
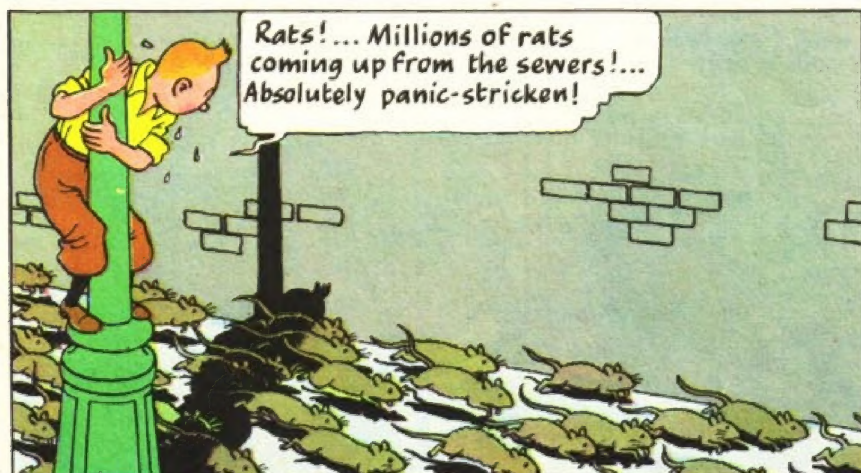
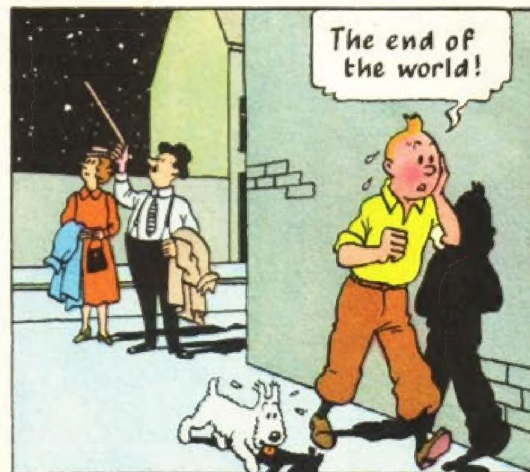
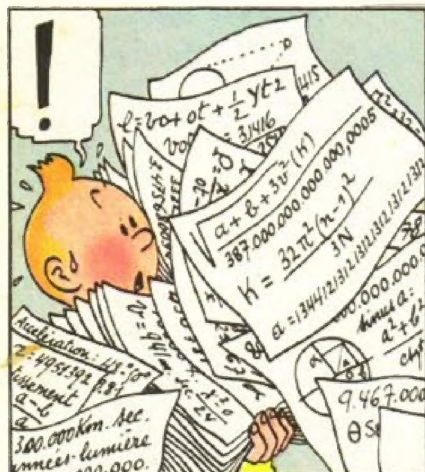
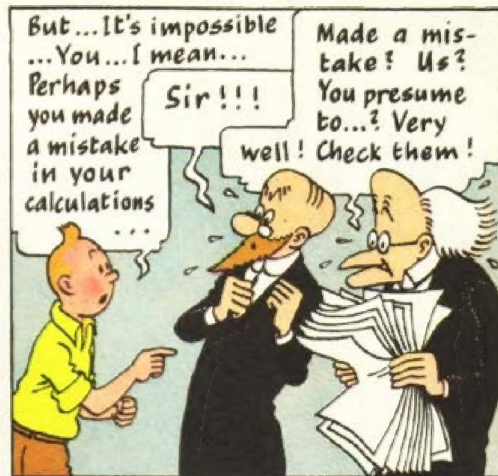
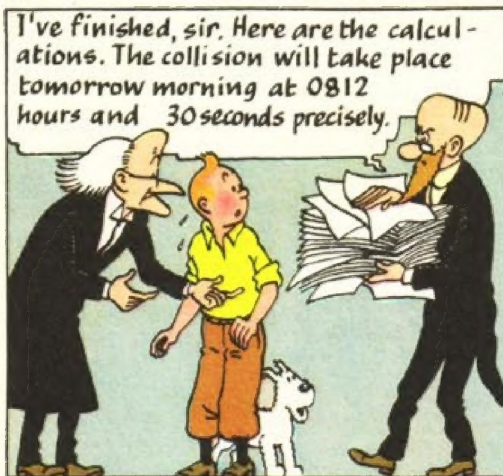
Yes!... That fire-ball is going to collide with the Earth!

Great heavens! But that'll mean...

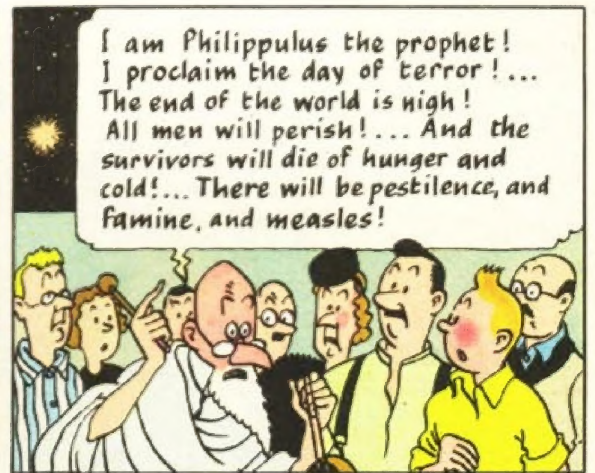
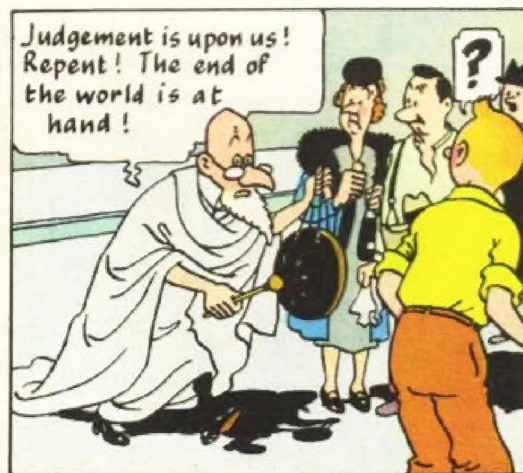
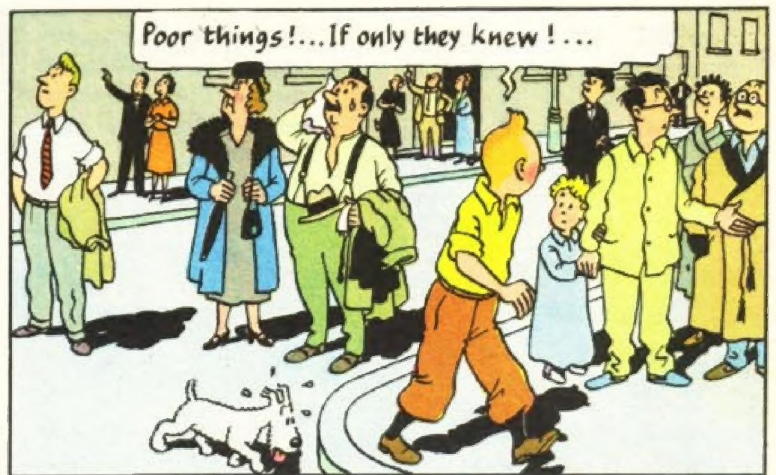
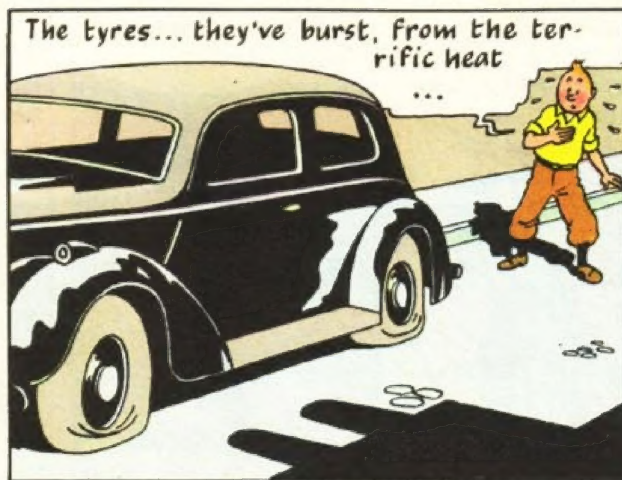


... THE END OF THE WORLD, YES!

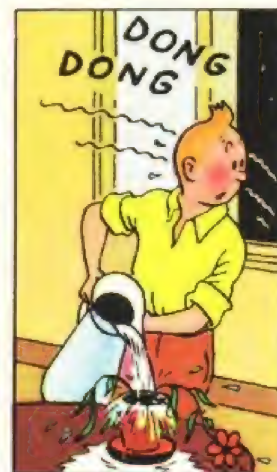




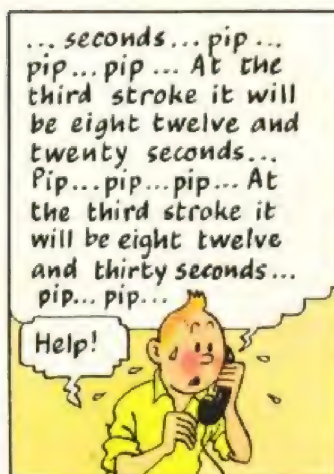
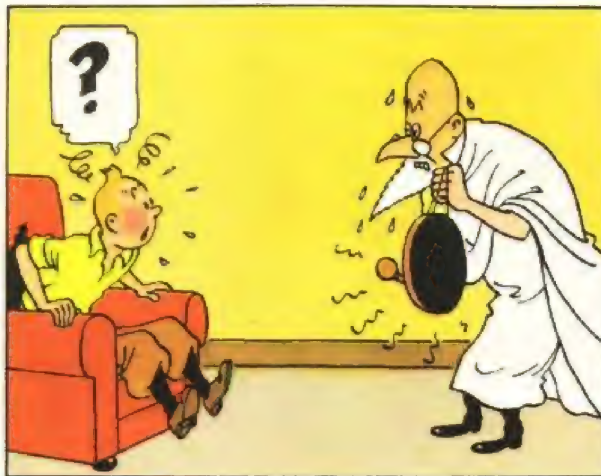




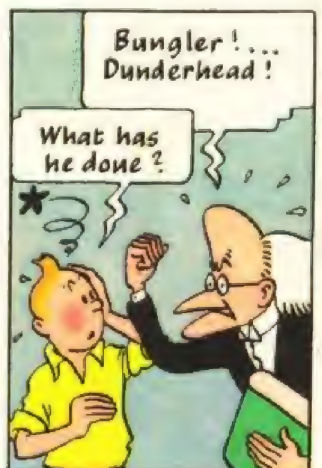




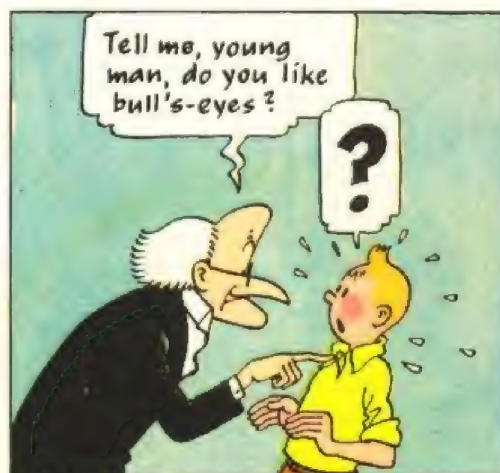
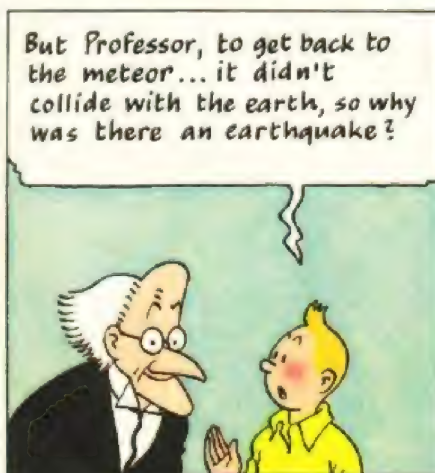
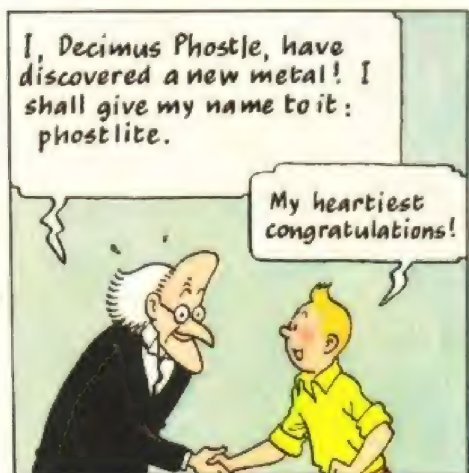
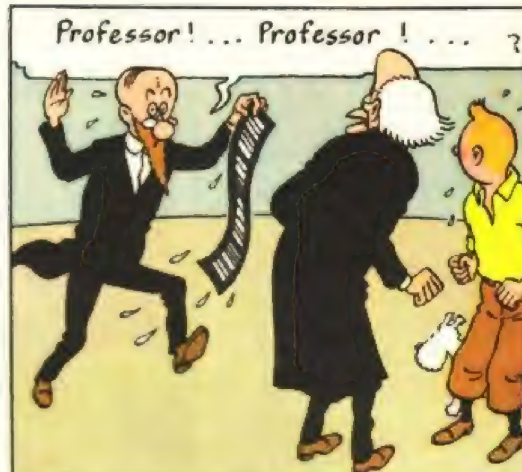
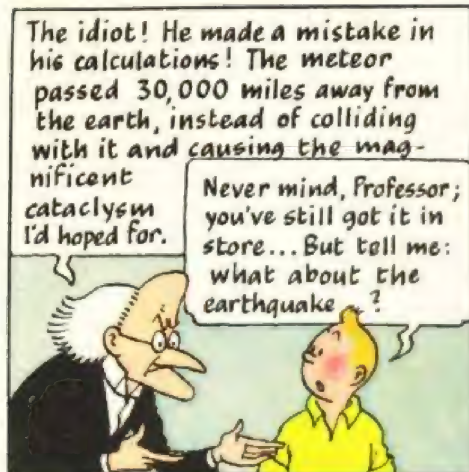




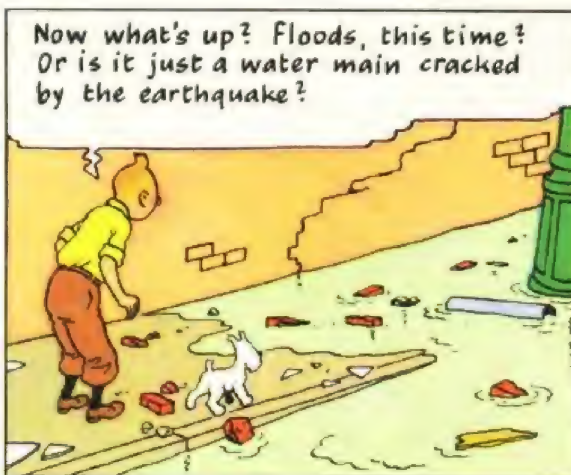
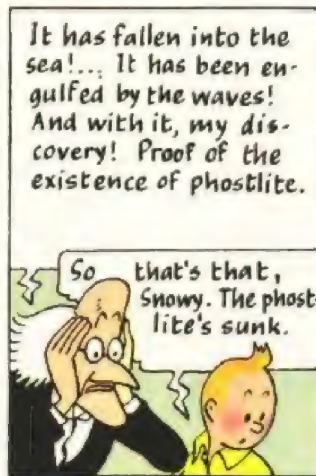
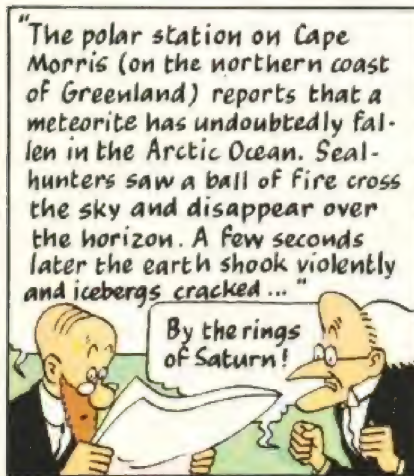
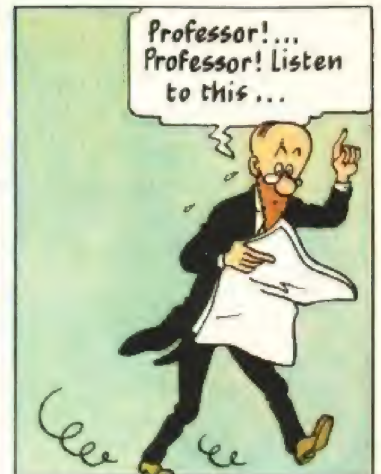
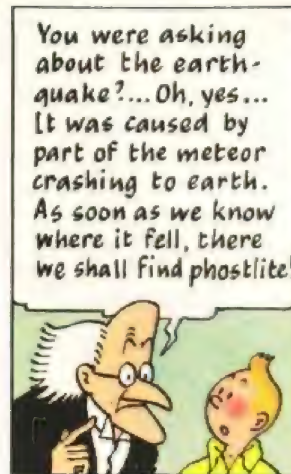
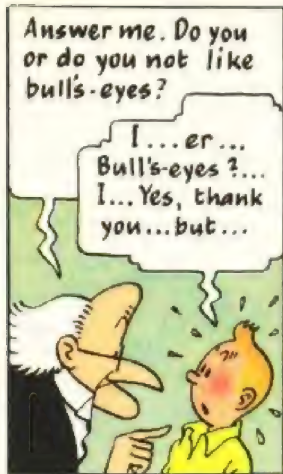




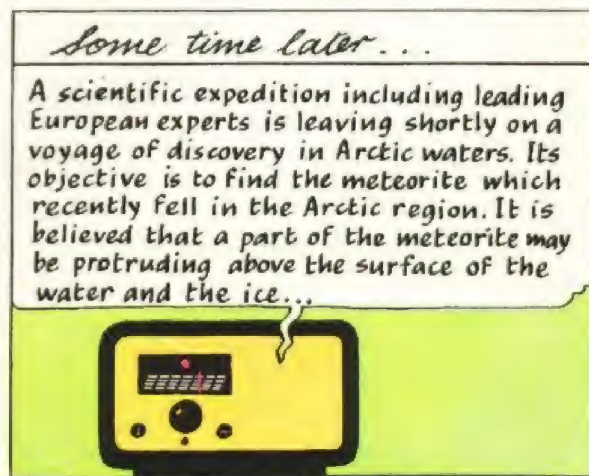
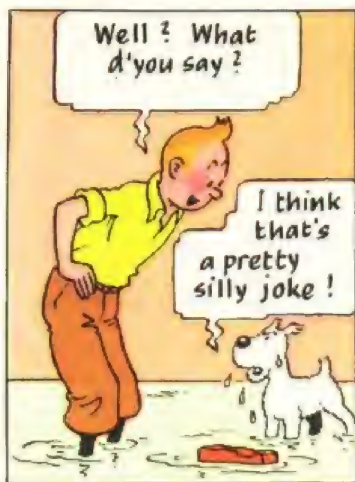
















The expedition will be led by Professor Phostle, who has revealed the presence of an unknown metal in the meteorite. The other members of the party are:



... the Swedish scholar Eric Björgensköld, author of distinguished papers on solar prominences;



... Señor Porfirio Bolero y Calamares, of the University of Salamanca;



... Herr Doktor Otto Schulze, of the University of Munich;



... Professor Paul I. Cantonneau, of the University of Paris;



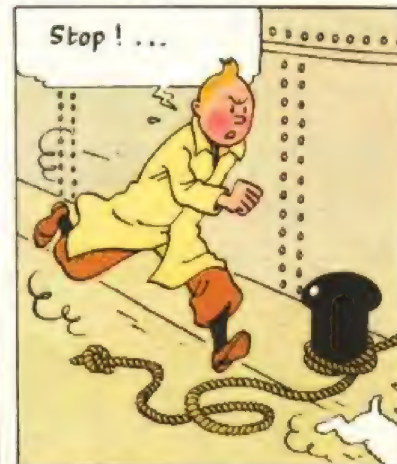
... Senhor Pedro Joás Dos Santos, a renowned physicist, of the University of Coimbra;



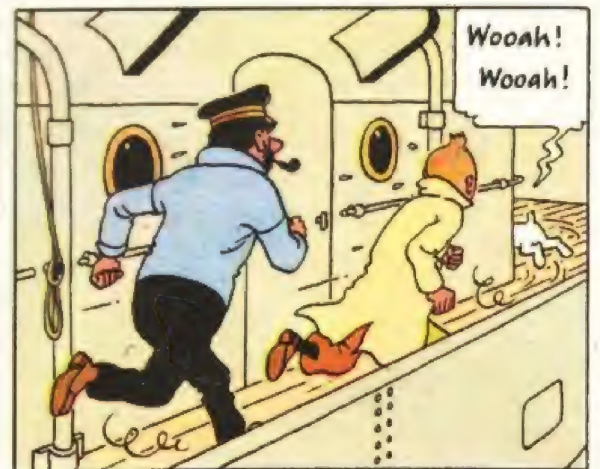
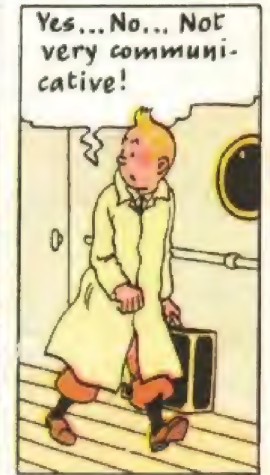
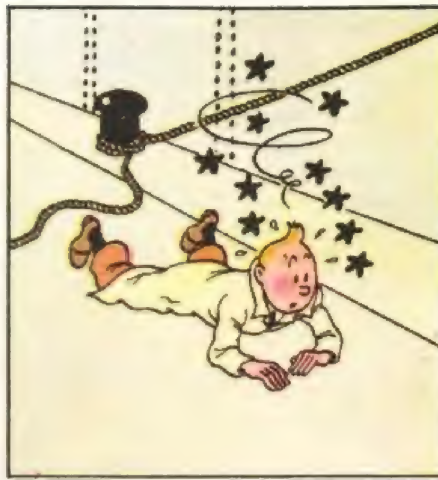
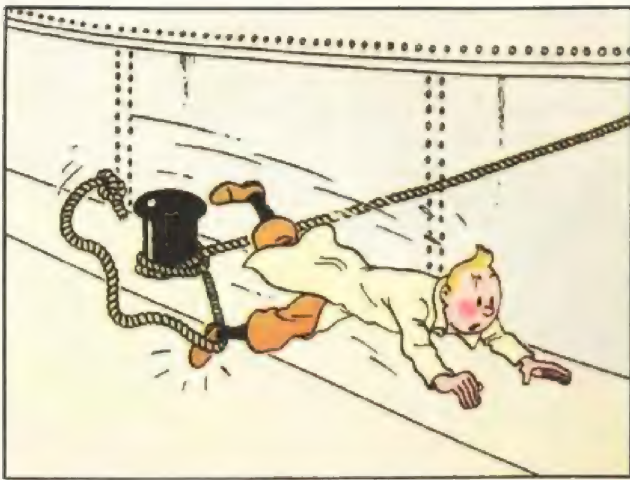
... Tintin, the young reporter, who will represent the press;



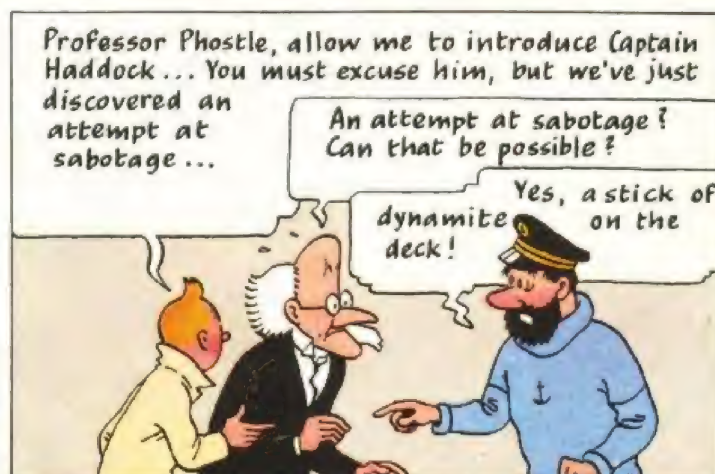
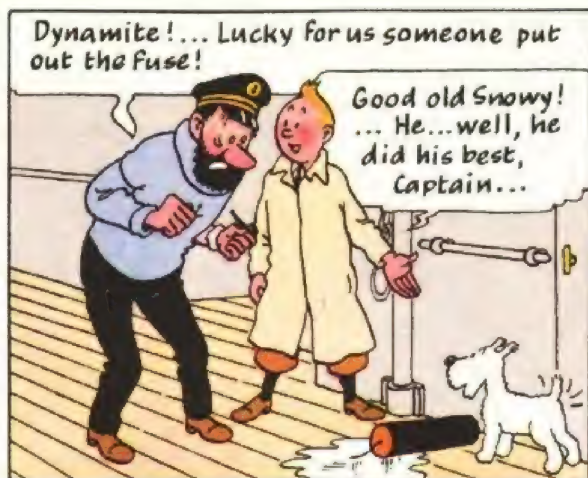
...and lastly, Captain Haddock, President of the S.S.S. (Society of Sober Sailors) who will command the "Aurora," the vessel in which the expedition will embark.



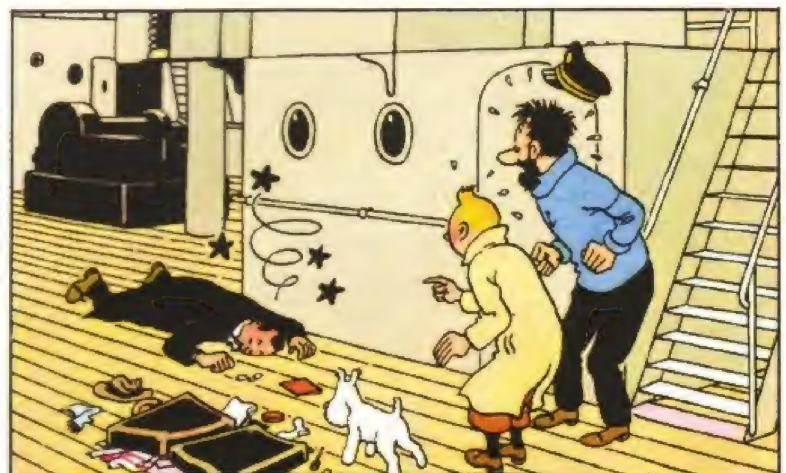
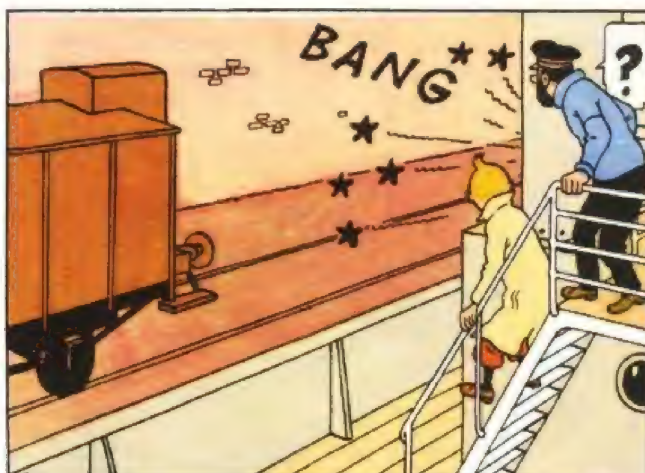
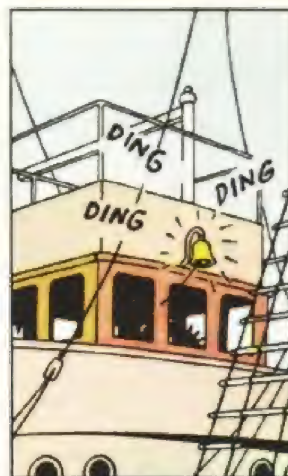
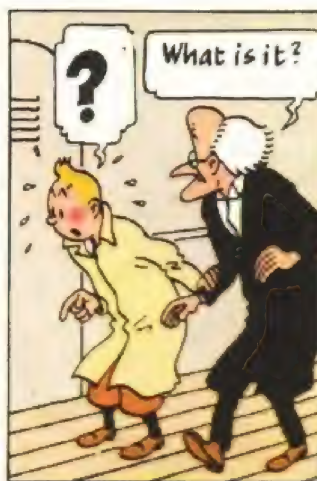




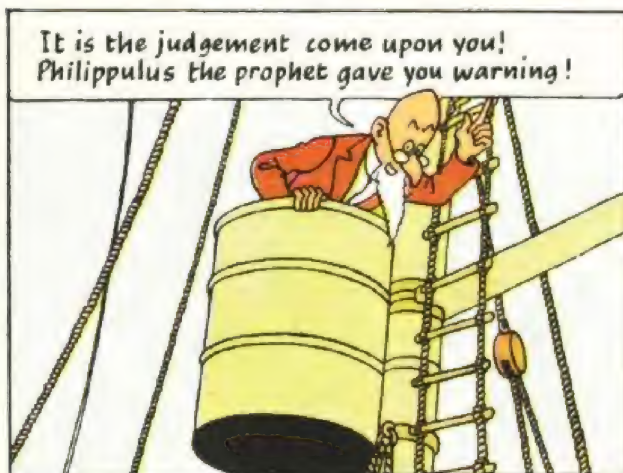




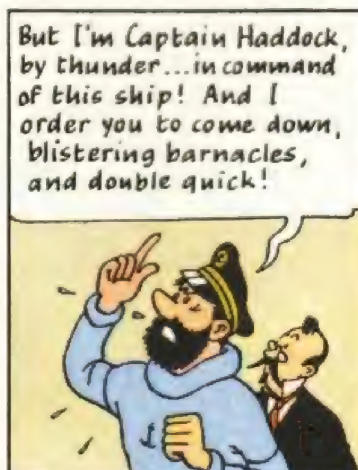
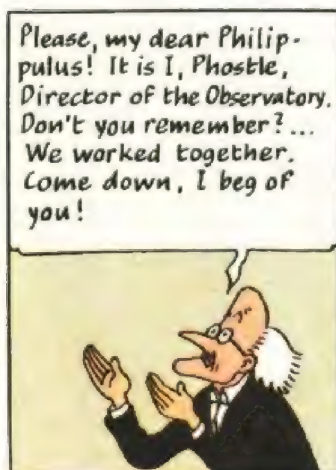
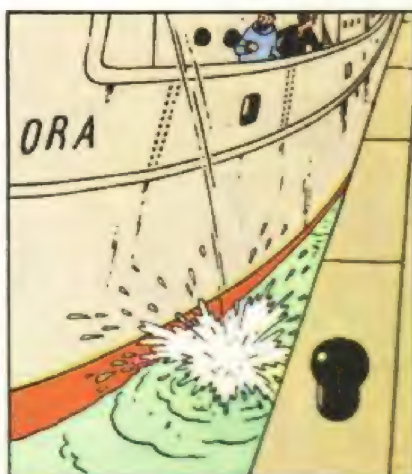




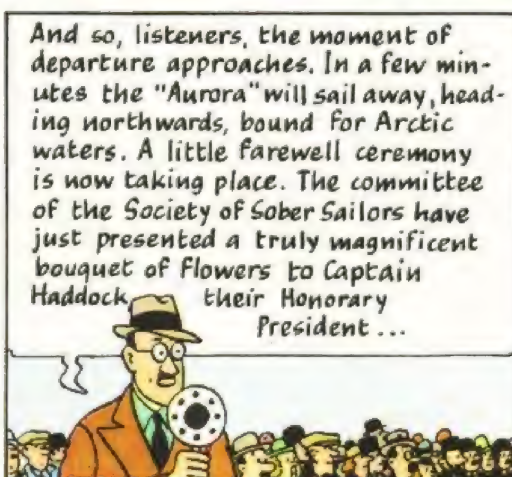
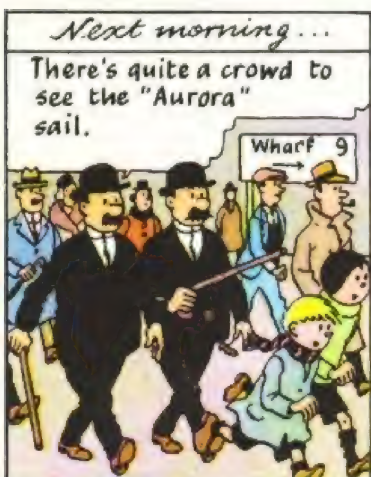
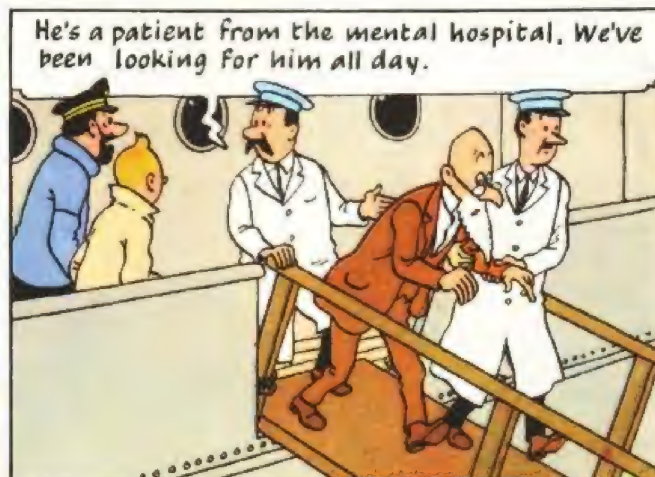




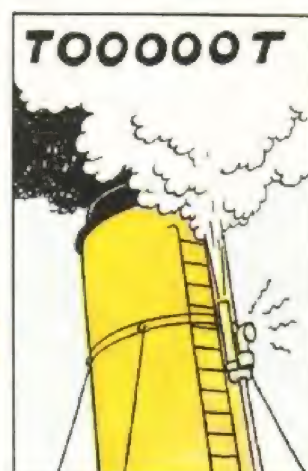
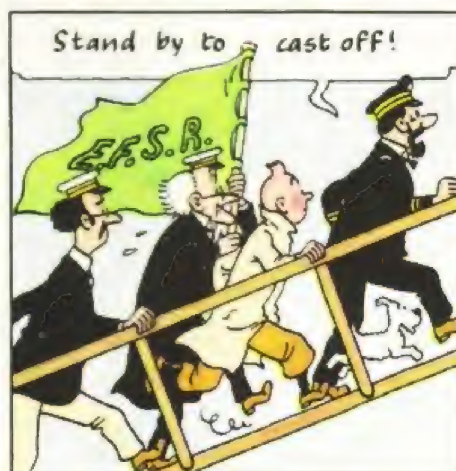
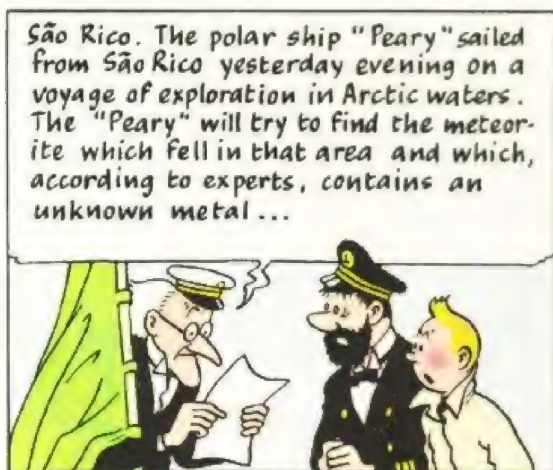














The last moorings have been cast off. This is the moment of departure... The ship is moving slowly away from the quay. The "Aurora" has sailed... Sailed away in search of a shooting star...



You have been listening to an eyewitness account of the departure of the polar research ship "Aurora". The programme was relayed through all European networks.



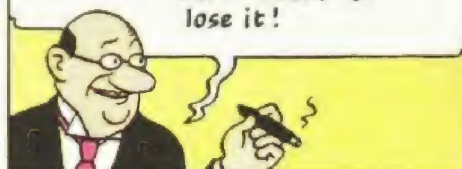
My dear fellow, you've been my secretary long enough to know that if the Bohlwinkel Bank has financed the "Peary" expedition, there is no question of failure. Believe me: the "Aurora" hasn't a chance.



Yes, I know the "Aurora" sailed sooner than I anticipated... The fault of that fool Hayward, bungling his job. But don't worry, I've taken care of everything...



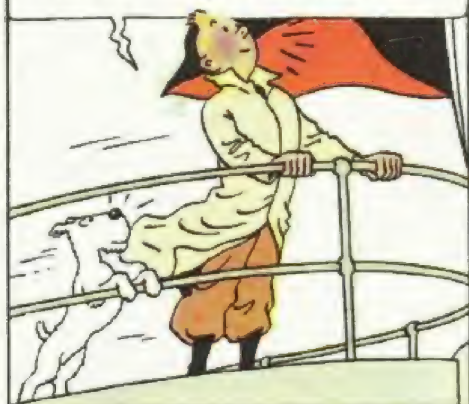
You see, my dear fellow, the scientific expedition is just a cover for my plan to take possession of this meteorite... and the unknown metal Professor Phostle was naive enough to tell us about. There's a colossal fortune waiting there for us. A colossal fortune, and I don't intend to lose it!



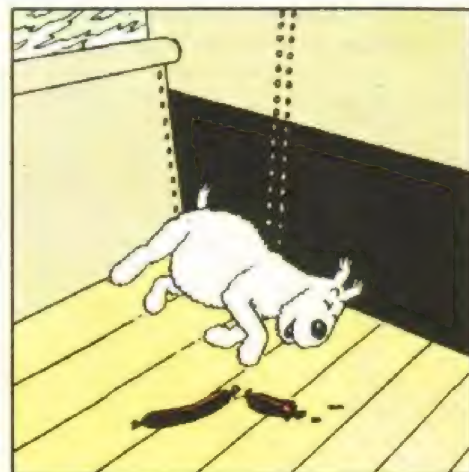
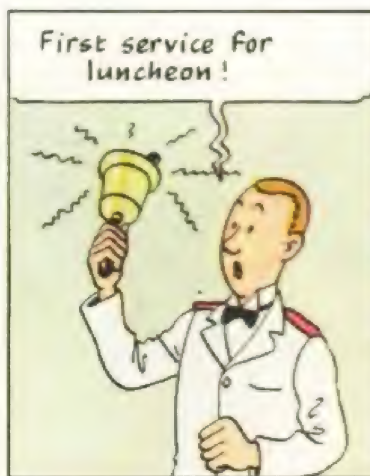
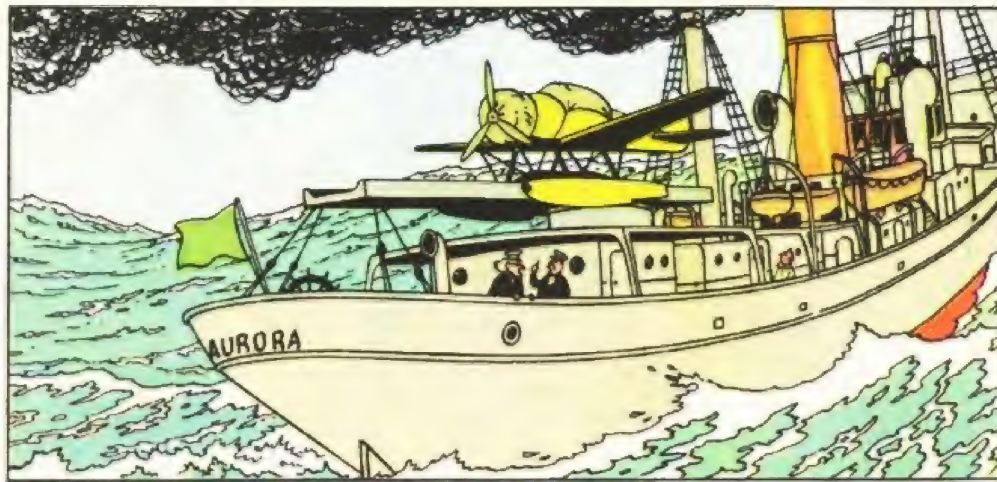
This will blow away the cobwebs, eh, Snowy? What wonderful air... the real tang of the sea!



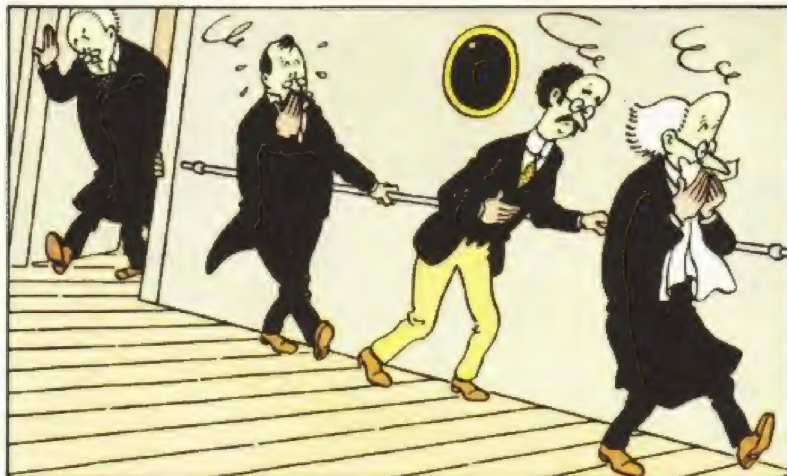
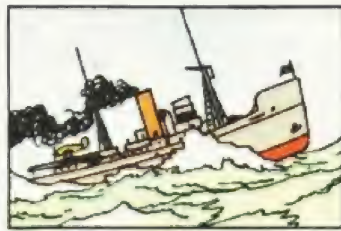
Do as I do, Snowy. Breathe deeply. Fill your lungs with fresh air.







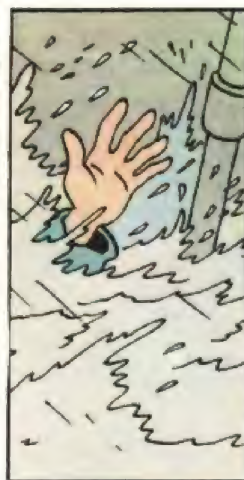
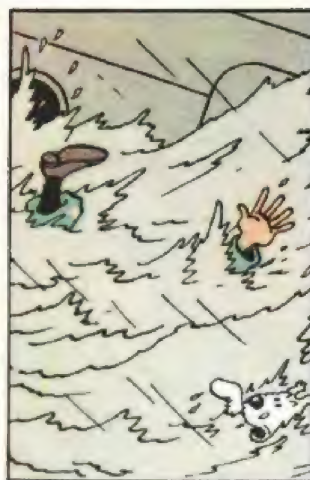








Careful, Snowy, mind how you go!



Whew!... I... honestly, I thought I'd been swept overboard. But Snowy? ...Where's Snowy?



Snowy!



Snowy!...



That was a near thing, Snowy! ... Heavens, what a storm! What a frightful storm!



Oh, it's you... Nice little breeze, isn't it?



What?... A breeze? Isn't this a gale?

A gale? What an idea!... A mere draught, that's all.



So we aren't in any danger, then? ...

None. Still, you've got to be careful: visibility's almost down to zero... and the shipping lane we're in now, the North Channel, is a pretty busy one.



... Lots of ships use it... However, the chances of a collision are very slight... Each vessel has navigation lights, so...



Help!

Thundering typhoons!





Hard a star-board!...



Pirates!... Shipwreckers!...  
Sea-lice!... Filibusters!...  
Hoodlums!... Road-hogs!...  
Freshwater swabs!

Saved!



The lunatic! A little bit closer and he'd have cut us in two... He must be crazy sailing like that, without any lights... He couldn't have judged it better if he'd meant to sink us.

And why not? That might be precisely what he intended.



What do you mean? I mean, Captain, that someone's already tried to sabotage the "Aurora"... the night before we sailed. The accident we just avoided looks remarkably like another attempt...



Thundering typhoons!... You're right!... But who on earth...?

Who would be anxious to prevent us carrying out our search? Who but the "Peary" expedition, or whoever has financed it?...



Is that the "Kentucky Star" this time?

Yes, coming in now Mr. Bohlwinkel. A radio signal...



S.S. Kentucky Star. Obeying orders received, attempted to sink Aurora. Operation miscarried. Awaiting instructions.



They've failed! The bungling fools! Now we're back where we started!... But I'll get them yet!



Oh, misery! I feel so ill! I feel horribly ill!

I feel sick... Ooooooh...

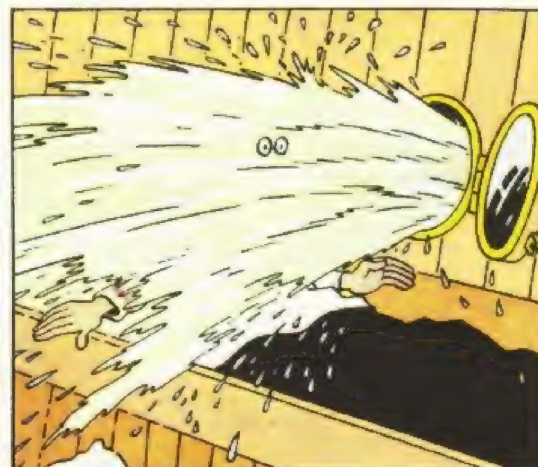


Would you mind if I opened the window a little bit? Some fresh air would do us good.

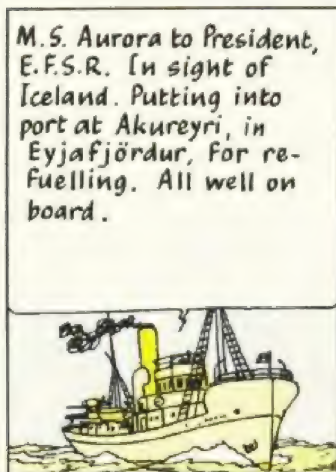
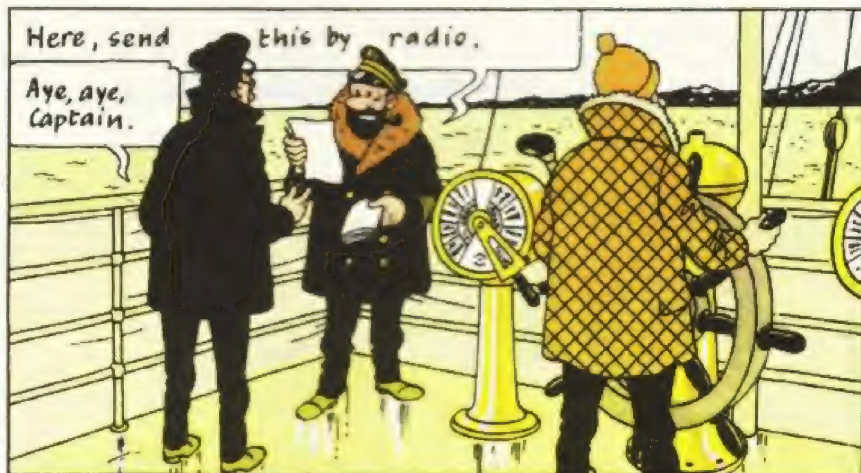
Do as you please... just let me die in peace.



Aaaah!... I feel better already.







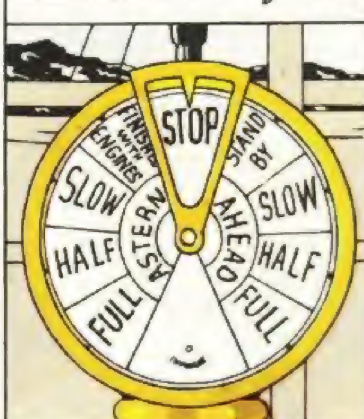


Bohlwinkel Bank to Smithers, general agent for Golden Oil, Reykjavik, Iceland. Circulate following order immediately to all agents for Golden Oil in Iceland: Absolute prohibition against refuelling polar vessel Aurora... There! Have that sent in the secret code.



Right, Mr. Bohlwinkel.

The next morning ...



So here we are in Akureyri. Shall we be staying here long, Captain?



Oh, no...

Just long enough to fill up with oil. Then we set out for Greenland.



There. I'm going to order the fuel. It won't take a minute.



Right. I'll wait for you here.

Good morning. I want my ship refuelled with oil.



Very good. What's the name of your vessel?

Polar research ship "Aurora". Captain Haddock.



Oh?... You're the Captain of... of the "Aurora"?

Oh!... I... I've bad news for you, Captain. I suddenly remembered, we haven't a drop of fuel oil in stock...



What's that you say? No fuel oil?... That's absurd! I've got to have oil, d'you hear?



I assure you that I can't... I mean, I haven't got any oil!

That sounds like an argument...



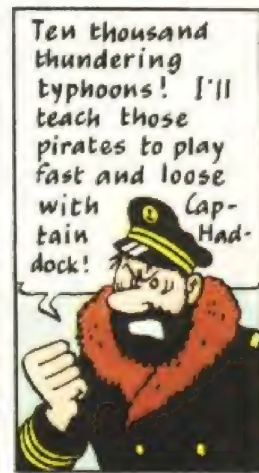
It's disgraceful, I tell you! Disgraceful!



Remember! On your own head be it!



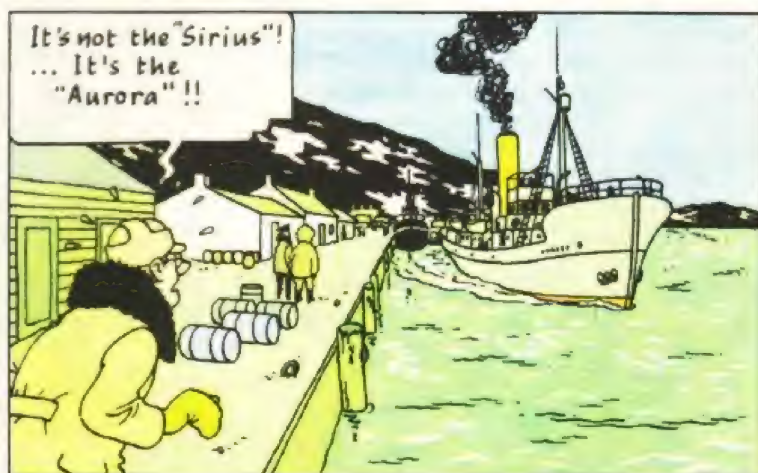
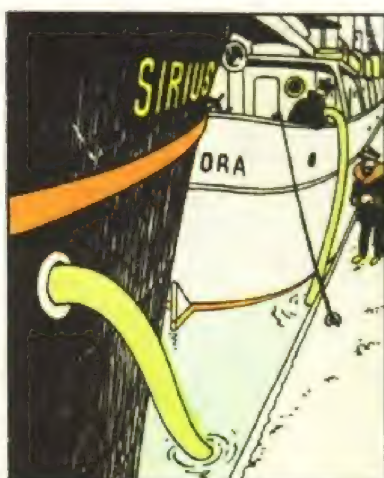
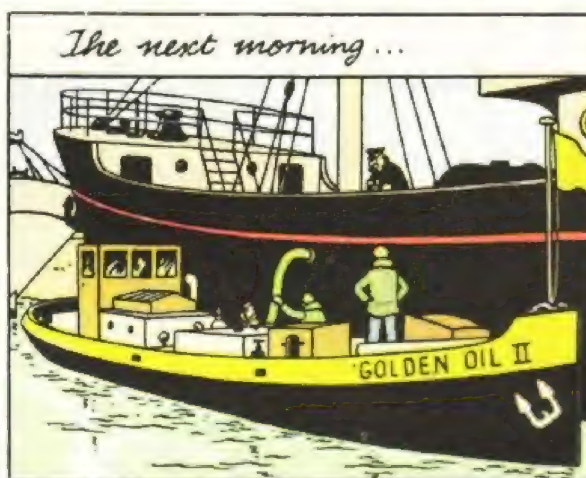
















Good bye, old man!... Sorry to be leaving you!



So, we're on our way again. Now for some lunch.

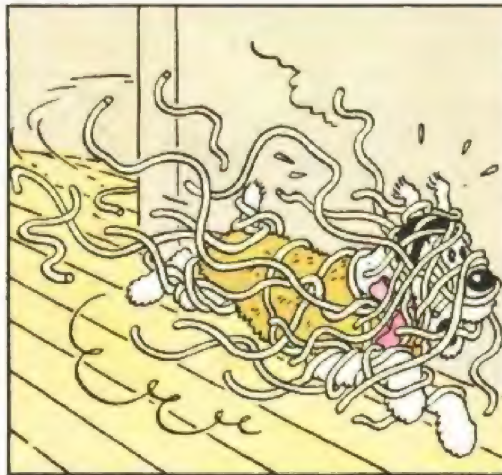


Ah, here's the cook!... What have you dished up for us to-day?

Spaghetti, Captain.



CRASH



Dratted animal!... Wait till I catch him!

That's what comes of leaving doors open!



Come now, don't look so angry. It's no good getting cross: a waste of time. Anyway, someone enjoyed your spaghetti!



Just keep your sense of humour...



One must always keep one's sense of humour...



Billions of blue blistering barnacles!... Dratted animal!... Wait till I catch the little pirate!



A week later...



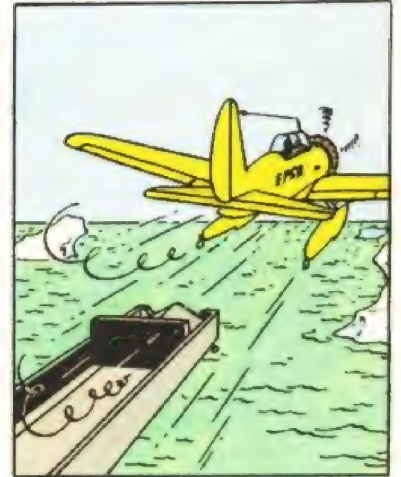
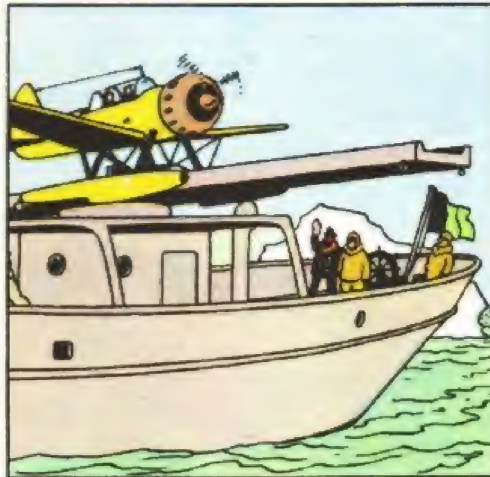
This is where we are. We've crossed the 72nd parallel. You will confine your search to an area between 73 and 78 North, and 8 and 13 West... You understand?



Above all, don't take risks: don't go beyond the limits we fixed.

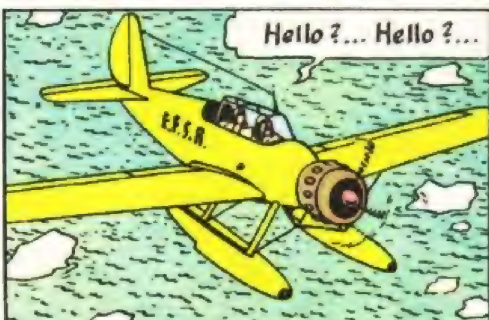


And don't forget to maintain contact by radio. Goodbye, and good luck. Keep your eyes skinned for the meteorite.



There they go...

Let's hope they don't run into any trouble.

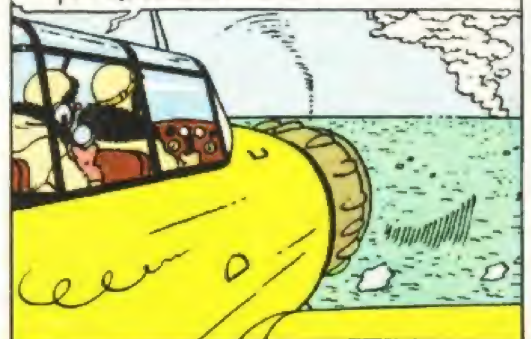


Hello?... Receiving you loud and clear... What?... You've seen something?

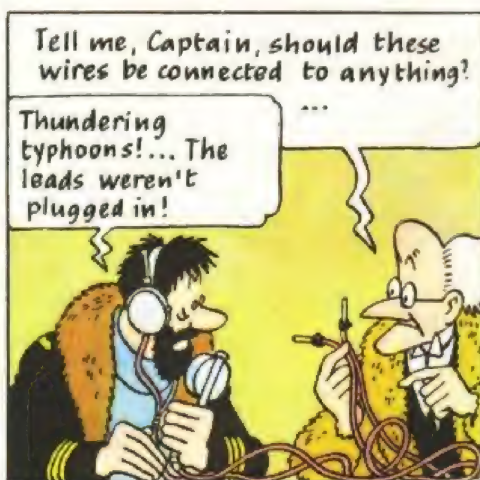
The meteorite?



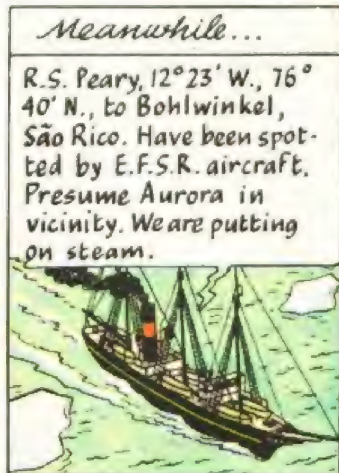
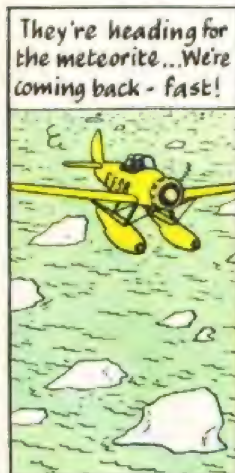
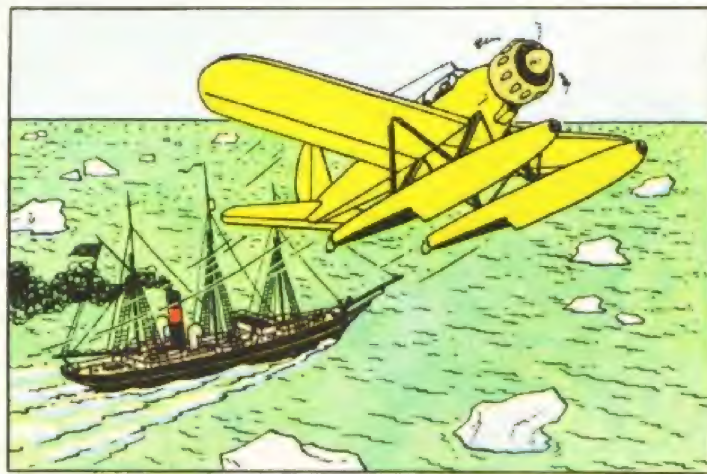
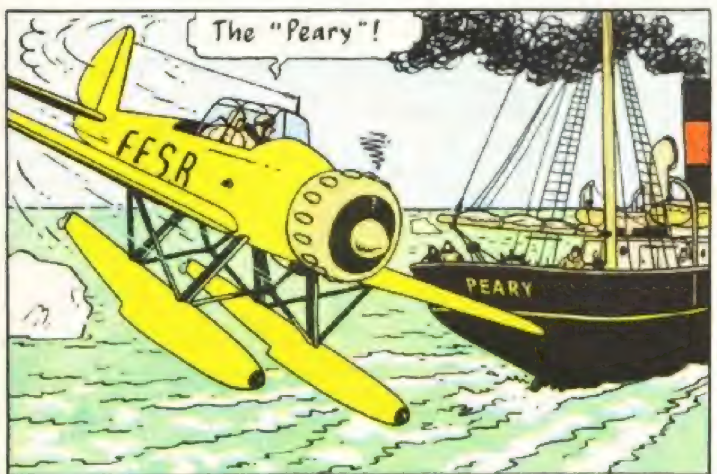
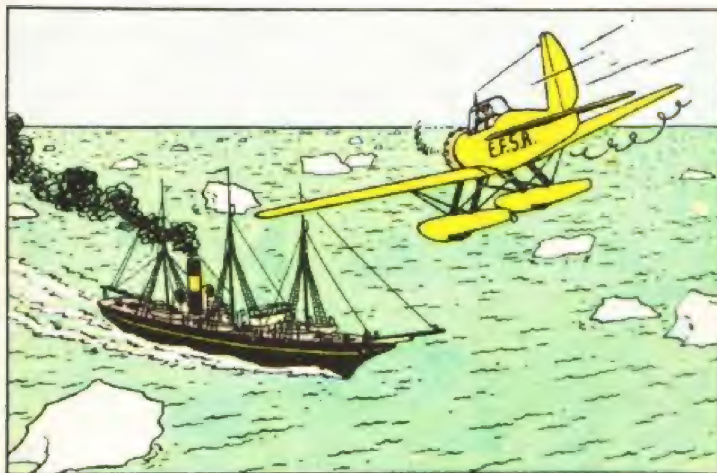
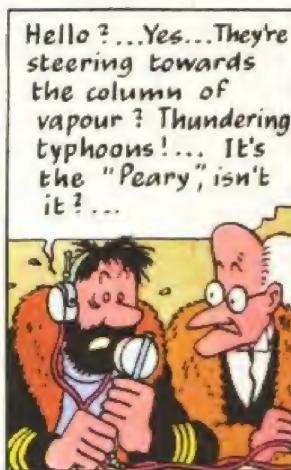
Something peculiar. The sky's quite clear. But there's a great column of white vapour rising from one spot about 20° East.



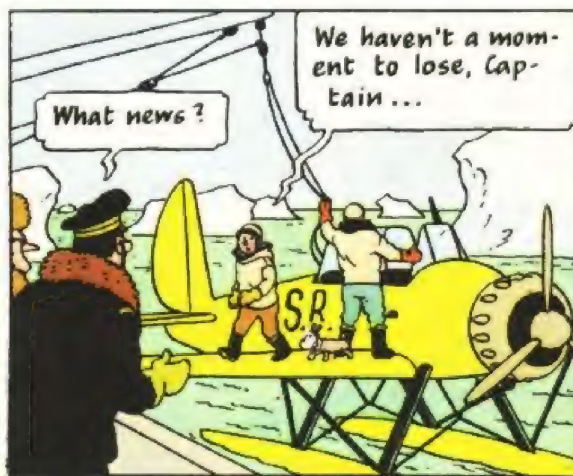
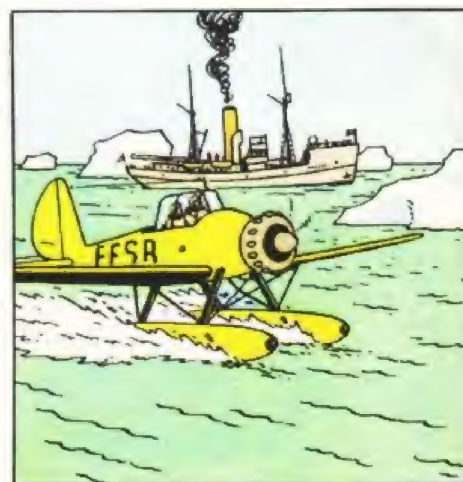
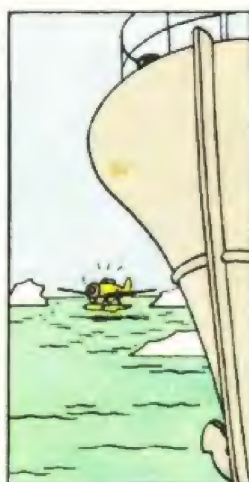
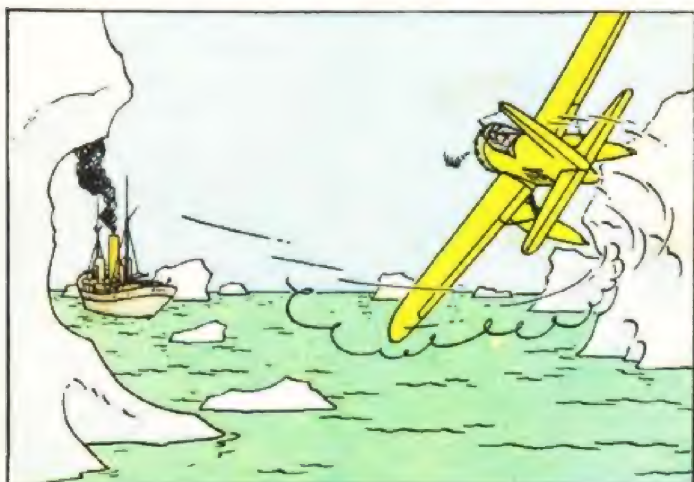






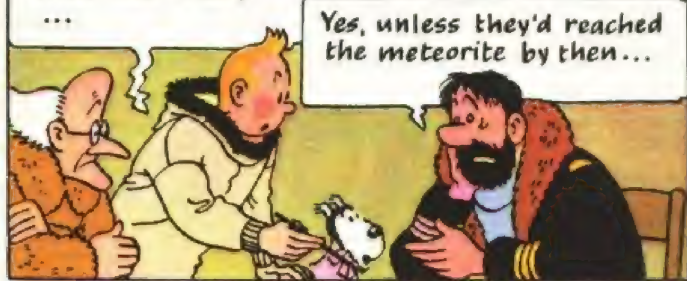








Look, the "Peary" is there... And this is our position. Our maximum speed is 16 knots. The "Peary" can't do more than 12 knots. We could therefore gain on them by 4 miles each hour. They're 150 miles ahead. So in  $37\frac{1}{2}$  hours we'd have caught up with the "Peary"



Yes, unless they'd reached the meteorite by then...

Captain, we must try to overtake the "Peary"! ... This is no moment to throw up the sponge, just when victory is in sight.

Tintin's right; we must try, Captain.

That's all very fine!... But to catch up 150 miles!...



Impossible!... It's quite futile to try. We're going to turn round and go home...



All right... er... I say, Captain, I'm frozen to death after that reconnaissance flight. I think I need a little whisky



Some whisky? You? ...er... I'll just see if there is any...

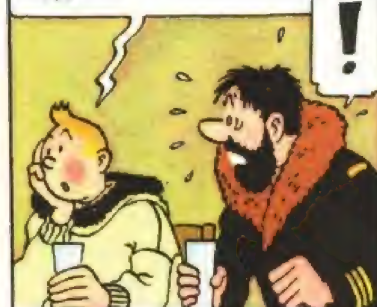
You'll have a glass with us, won't you, Captain?



You bet I will!



On second thoughts, I really do think the game is up. It'd be far better to give up the struggle...



Give up the struggle?... Never!... Blistering barnacles, this is no moment to throw up the sponge, just when victory is in sight! Thundering typhoons!... We'll show those P-P-Patagonian p-p-pirates what we can do!... The l-l-lily-livered l-l-landlubbers!



Come on! We shall see what we shall see!... Show a leg! On deck with you!



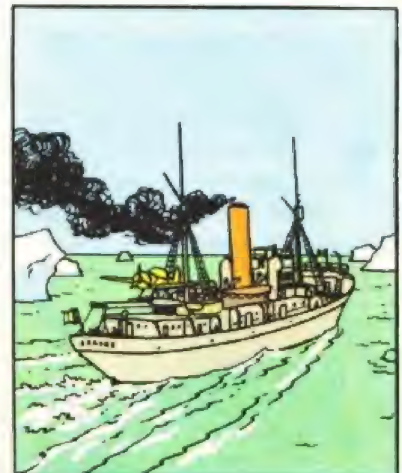
Get on with it, Chief! Thundering typhoons! jump to it!... Full speed ahead! The enemy have 150 miles start on us: we've got to catch them up!



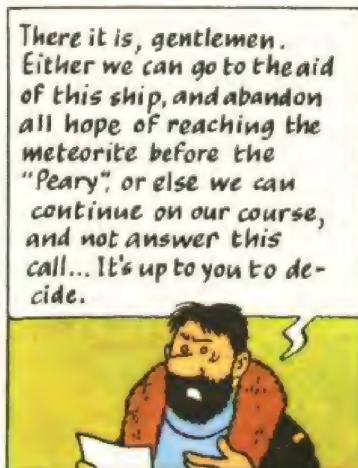
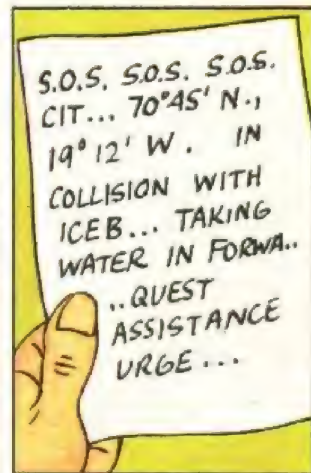
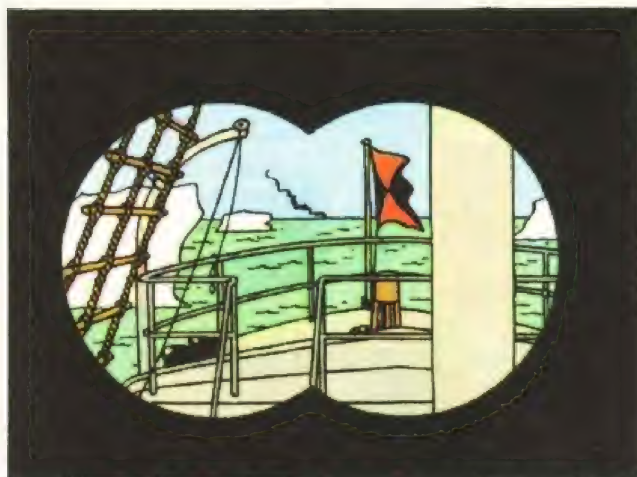
Cox'n at the wheel! Stick to your course. Steer North by East. And watch out for icebergs!



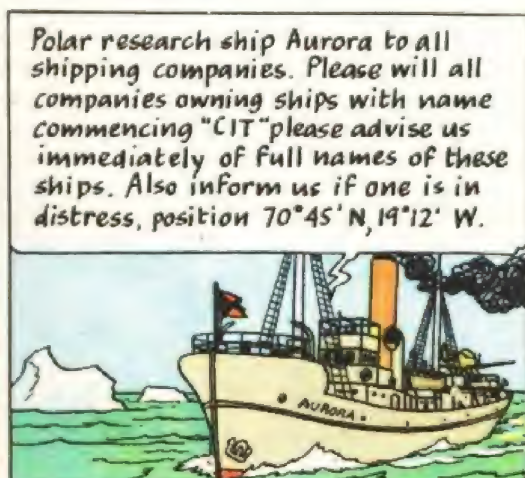
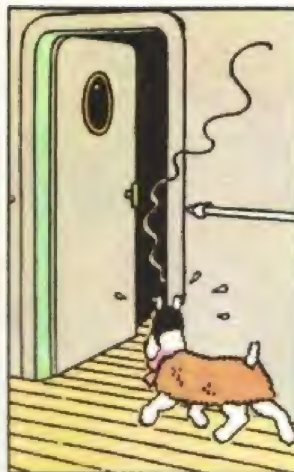
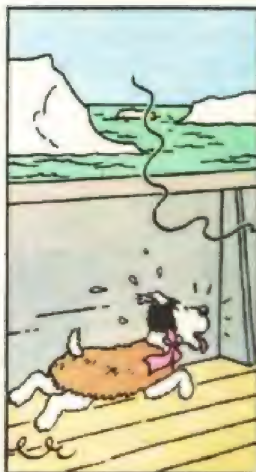
Aye, aye, sir.



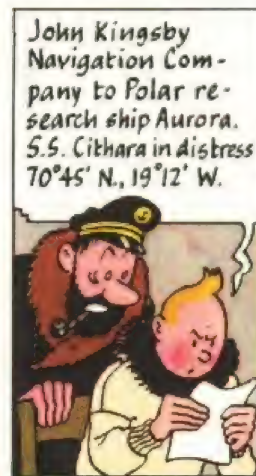
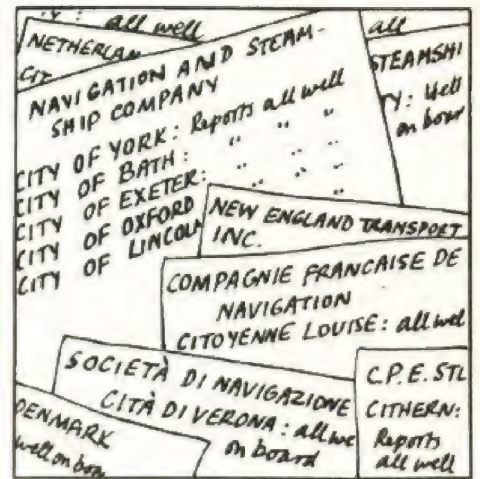




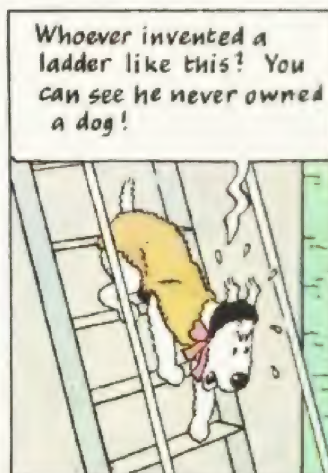
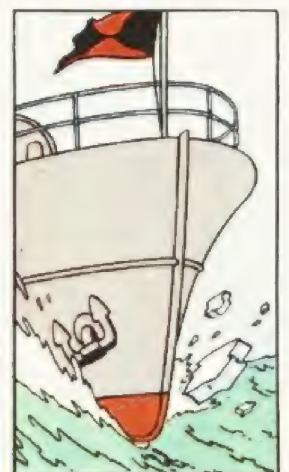
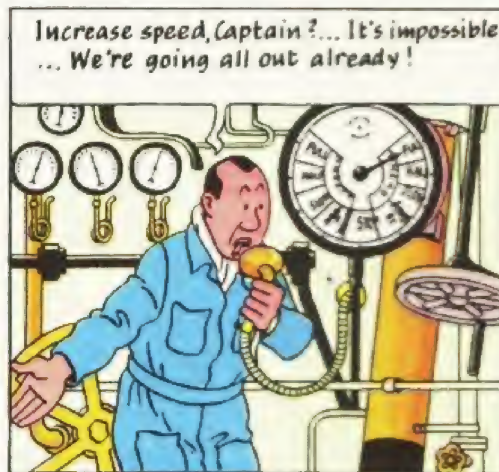
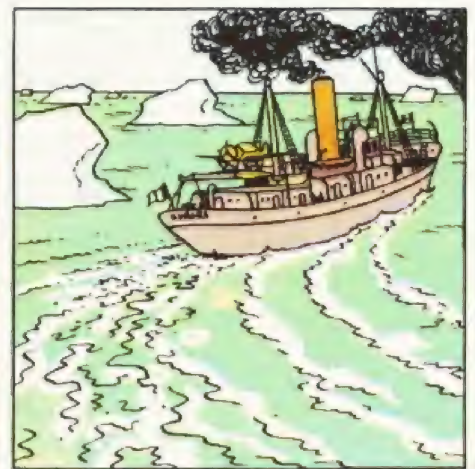




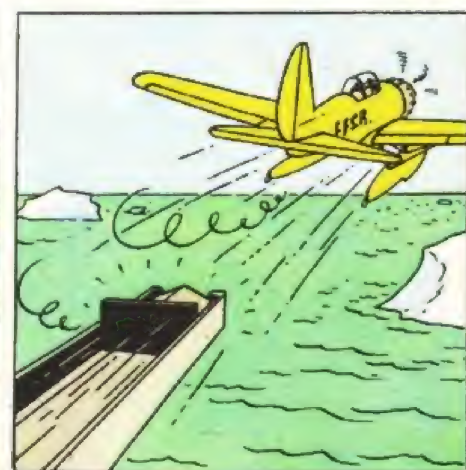
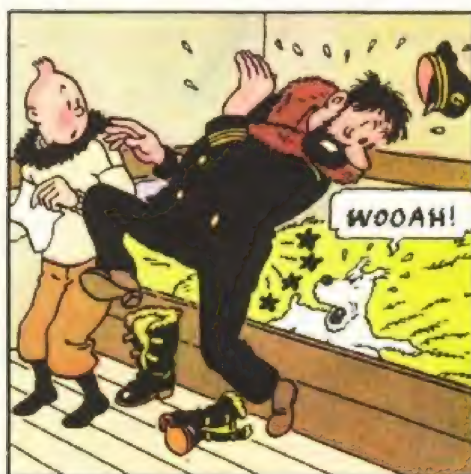
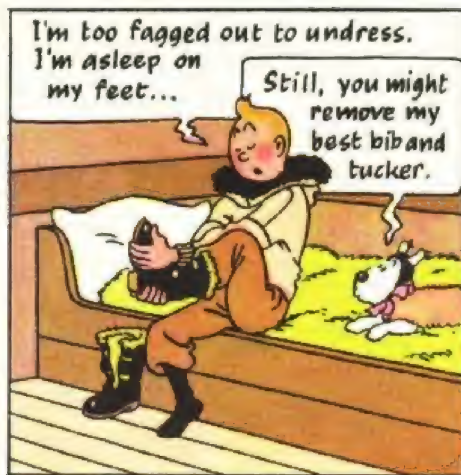




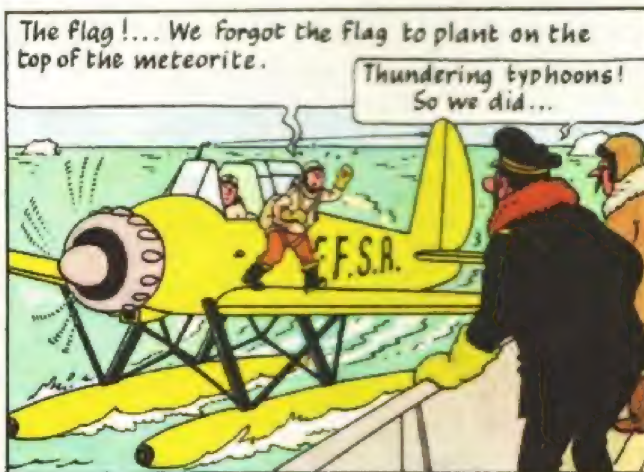




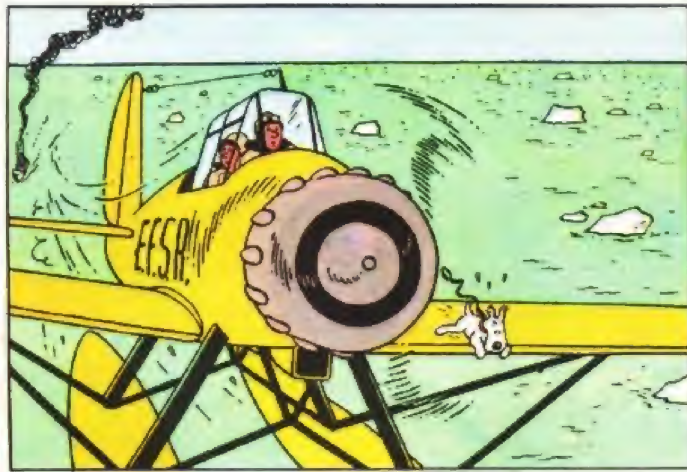






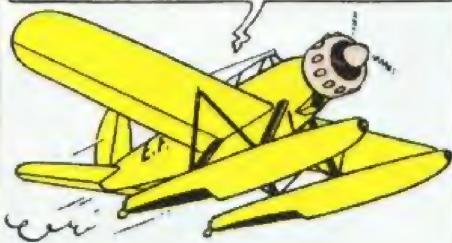




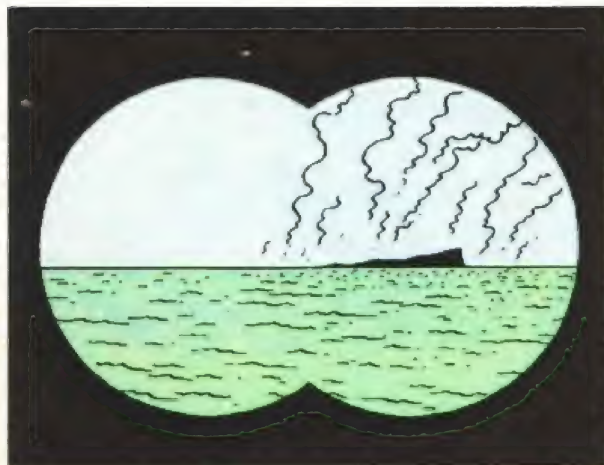




There isn't a single iceberg in sight, and the cloud of vapour is much nearer. We certainly can't be very far away now.



The meteorite! There's the meteorite!



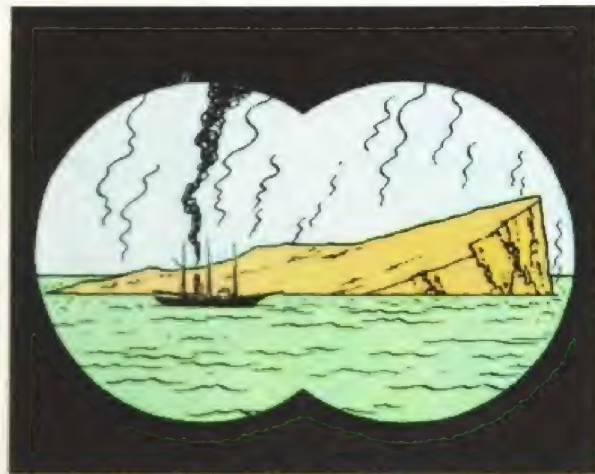
Hello... Tintin here... We can see the meteorite!!



Really? You mean that? ... You can see the meteorite! ... Hooray! ... What's it like?



It forms an island, sloping gently towards the west, and ... Great snakes! ... The "Peary" has beaten us to it!



The "Peary" has beaten them to it.



Tell me... I suppose their flag is already flying from the top of the meteorite?



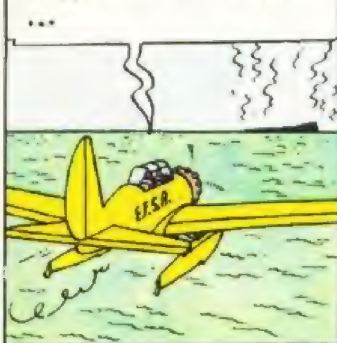
Their flag? ... Wait ... No, I can't see a flag ...



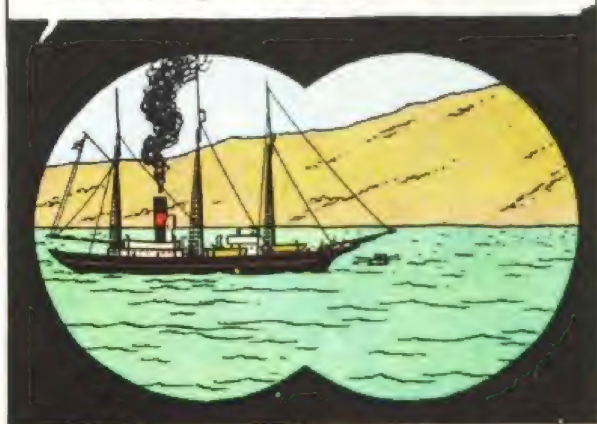
Hooray! Then there's still hope!



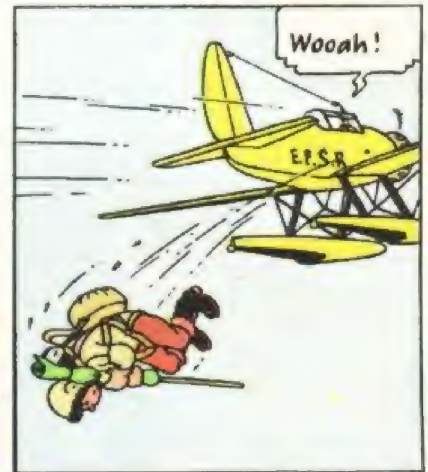
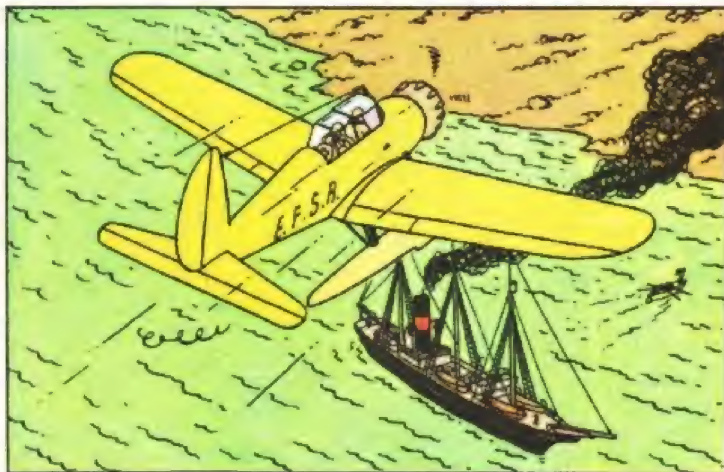
Perhaps. I can just make out what's happening aboard the "Peary"... it looks as if ... as if ...



Yes... they're just lowering a boat...



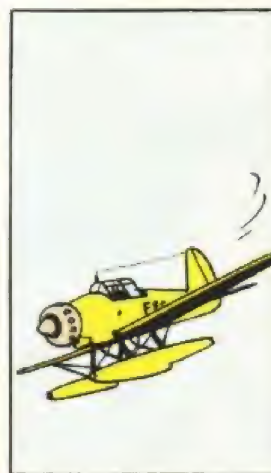
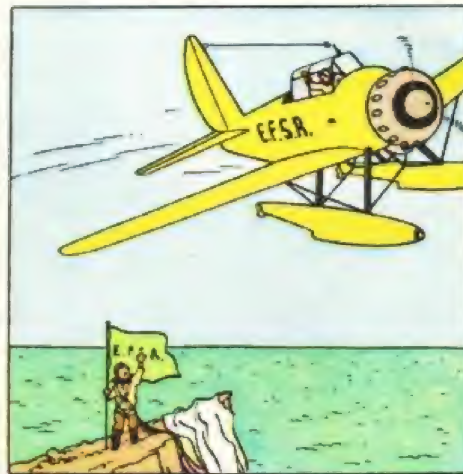
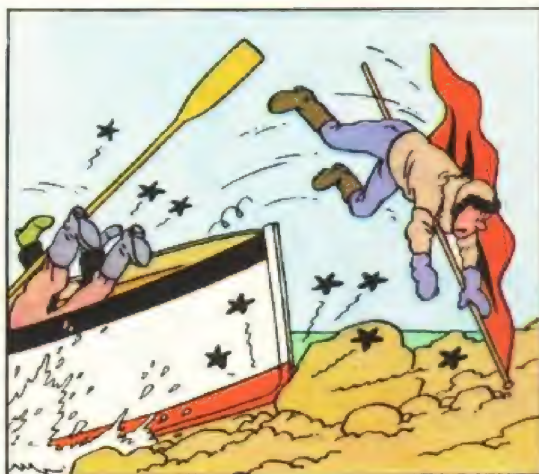
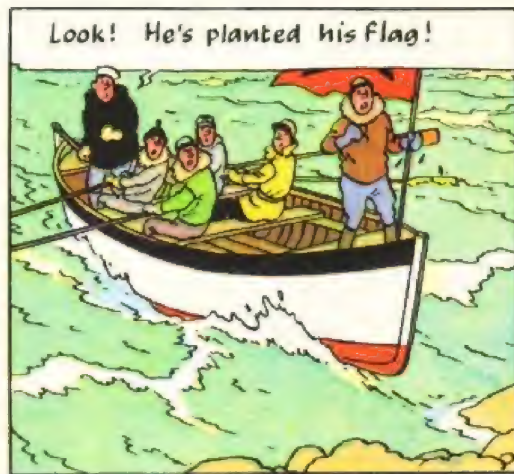
















Snowy, my poor Snowy!... You must have banged against a rock!

Wooaaaaaah!



OW! OWW!...



Ow!... Yow!... Yeow!

Wooaah!



The water's boiling!...



Hello?...  
Hello?...  
Hello?...



Hello, I am receiving you...  
Yes... What?  
Serious... three days... Yes, of course. Good. Right...



The "Aurora" has developed engine trouble and has had to reduce speed. She won't be here for three days. We can't wait: we have no supplies. So we must get back and rejoin her. Anyway, our mission is accomplished. Are you coming?



It's impossible. Someone must stay here to guard the island: that's only sense. So, what's to be done?



There's only one answer: I'll stay here and wait for you to come back with supplies. All right?

Tintin, you don't mean we're going to stay all by ourselves on this island?



Right... I've got my emergency rations: a few biscuits, an apple and a flask of fresh water. I'll leave them with you.



There...

Thanks.



Goodbye. And good luck. I'll be back in the morning.



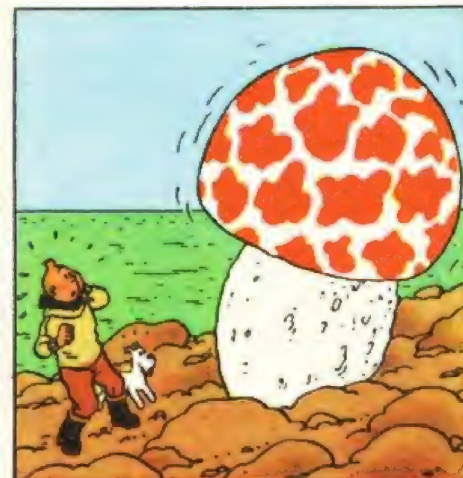
There he goes.

I'll be glad when he's back!

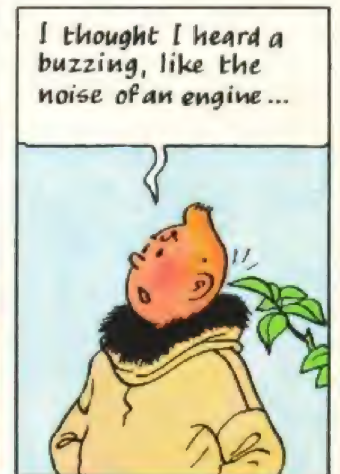
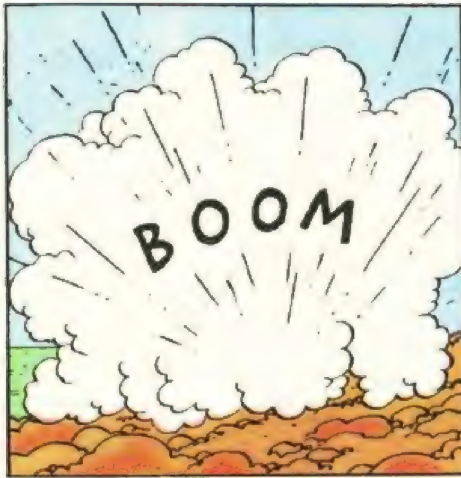






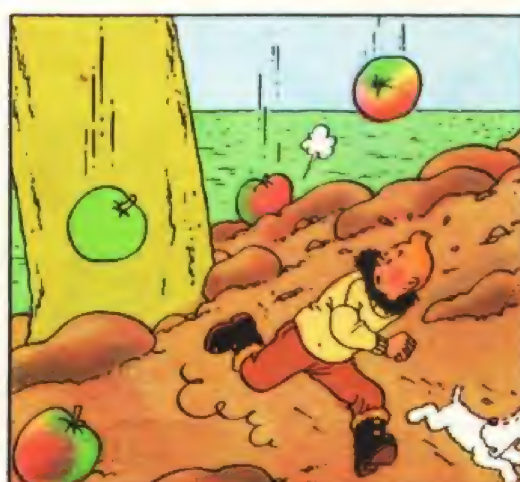
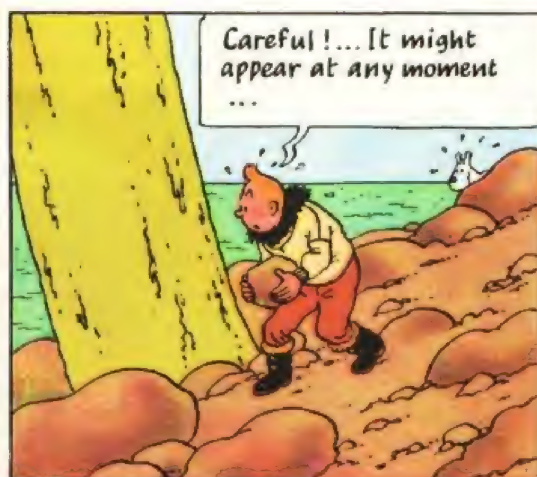




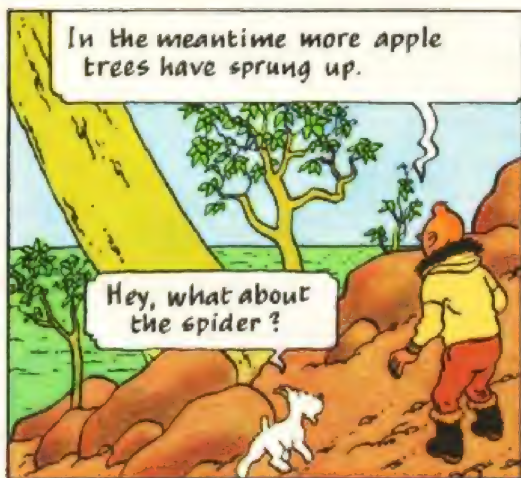
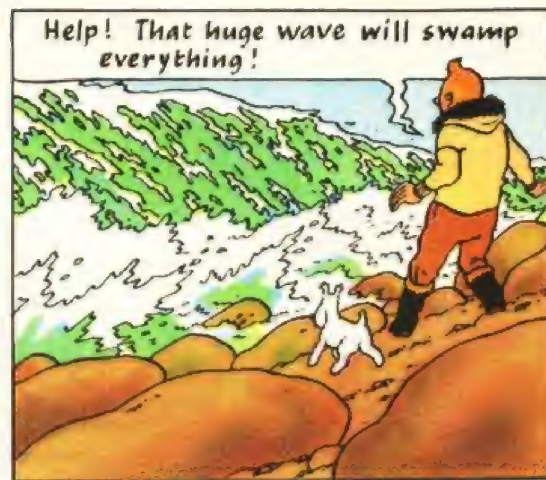


It must be magic!

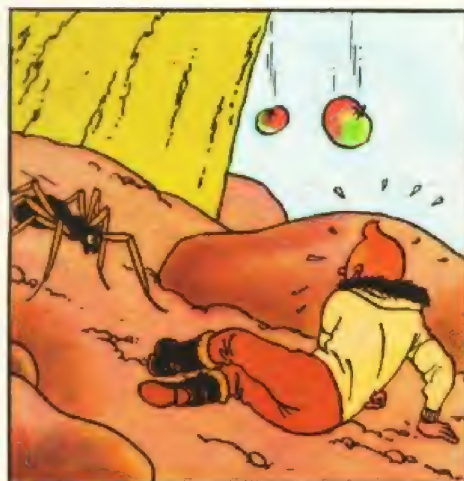
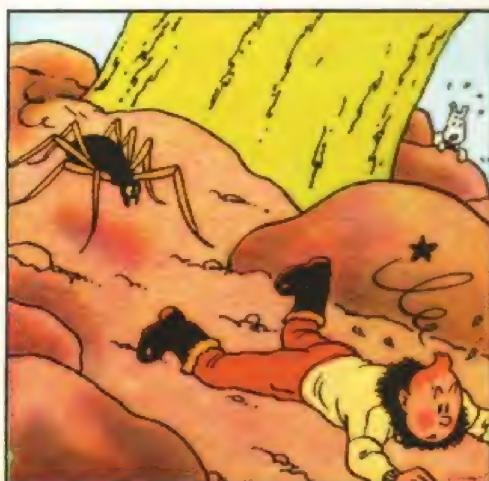
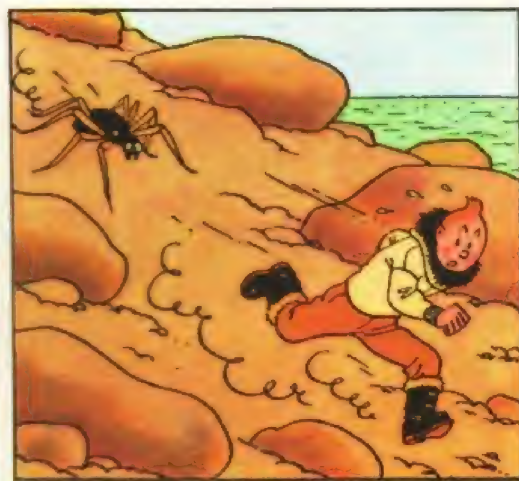




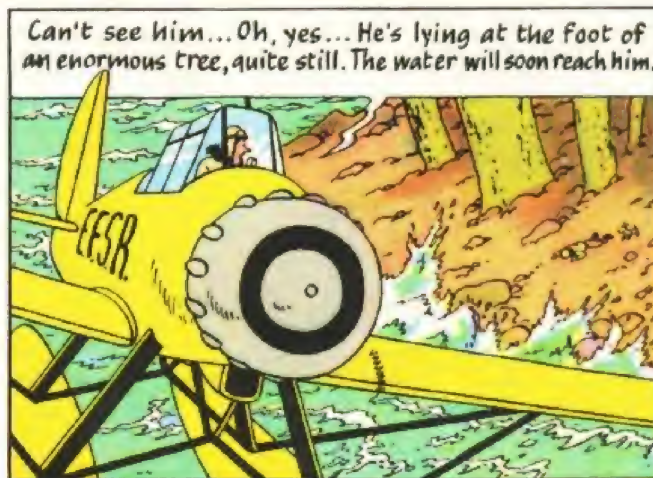
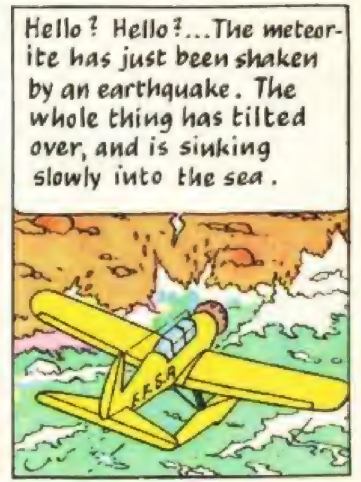




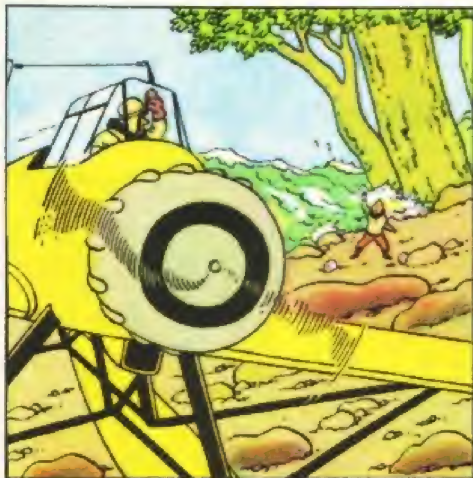




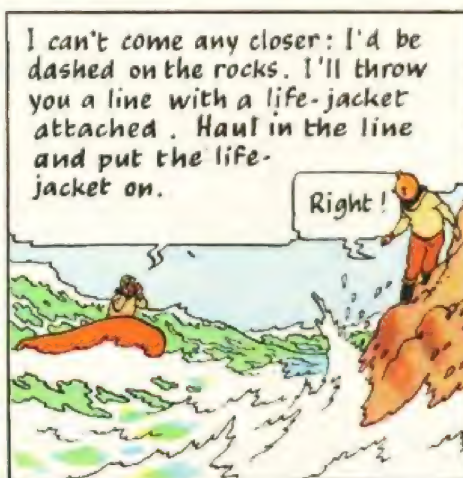












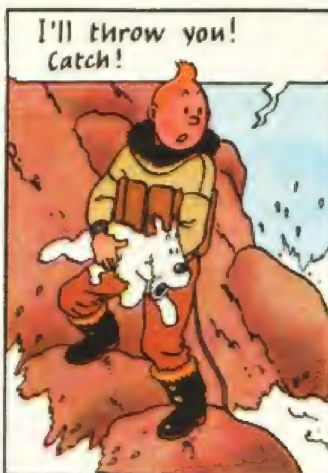




I don't want to go in the water!  
... Wow! ... Wow!



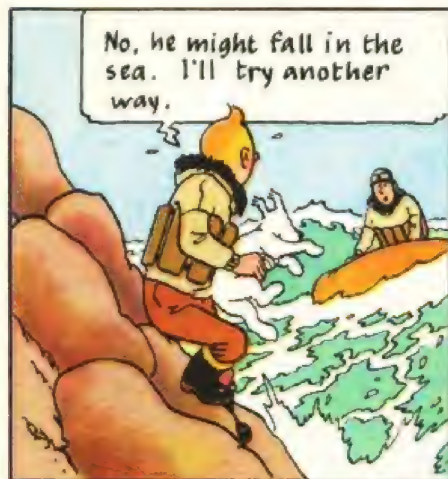
All right, stop crying. You aren't going in the water.



I'll throw you! Catch!



One... two...



No, he might fall in the sea. I'll try another way.



Come on, Snowy, get in!

?



That's Snowy safe! Now it's my turn. But first ...



... I'll replace the flag. It must fly over the meteorite to the end.



I'll throw you the rope, and you can haul me across.

Right!

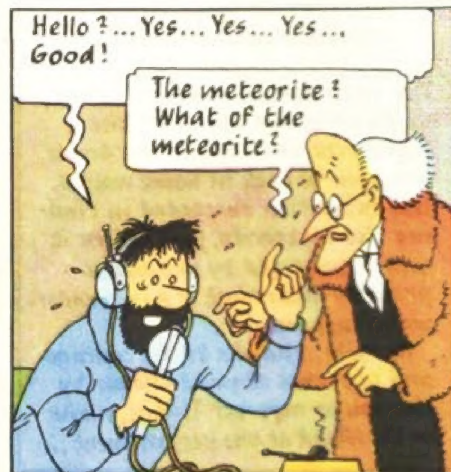


Here goes!











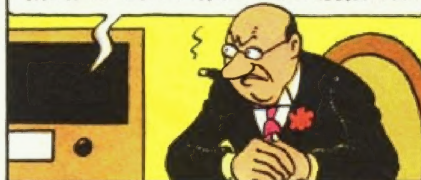


*Some weeks later...*

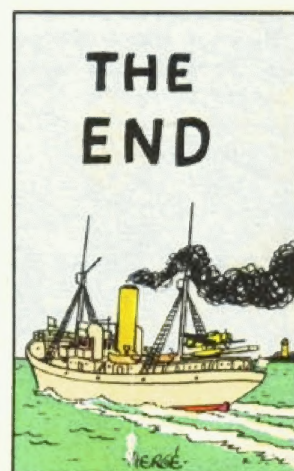
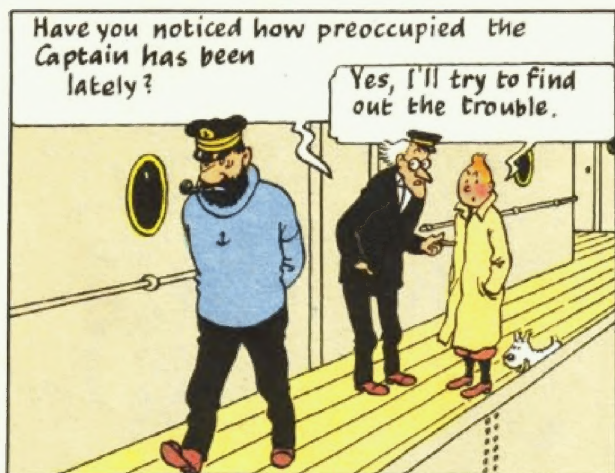
The polar research ship "Aurora", which sailed in search of the meteorite that fell in the Arctic, will soon be back in home waters. The expedition succeeded in finding the meteorite, just before it was submerged by the waves – probably as a result of some underwater upheaval.

Happily, thanks to the courage and presence of mind shown by the young reporter Tintin, alone on the island at the very moment...

... when it was engulfed by the sea, it was possible to save a lump of the metal divined in the meteorite by Professor Phostle. Members of the expedition have already verified the remarkable properties of the metal; examination of it will undoubtedly be of extraordinary scientific interest. We may therefore look forward to more sensational disclosures.



It is now known that certain incidents that occurred during the voyage of the "Aurora" were unquestionably deliberate acts of sabotage designed to cripple the expedition. Those responsible will soon be exposed, and their leader unmasked. This master criminal is reported to be a powerful São Rico financier. He will shortly be brought to justice.







## THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

### THE SHOOTING STAR

"It's the END of the WORLD!" declares Professor Phostle, as an enormous star hurtles towards the earth. But he is disappointed—the star brushes past, leaving only a vast meteorite which falls in Arctic waters. However, there is no mistake about the Professor's discovery of a valuable new metal in the meteorite; it is worth a colossal fortune, and in a hazardous search in polar regions Tintin, Snowy and Captain Haddock encounter some of their strangest adventures.

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